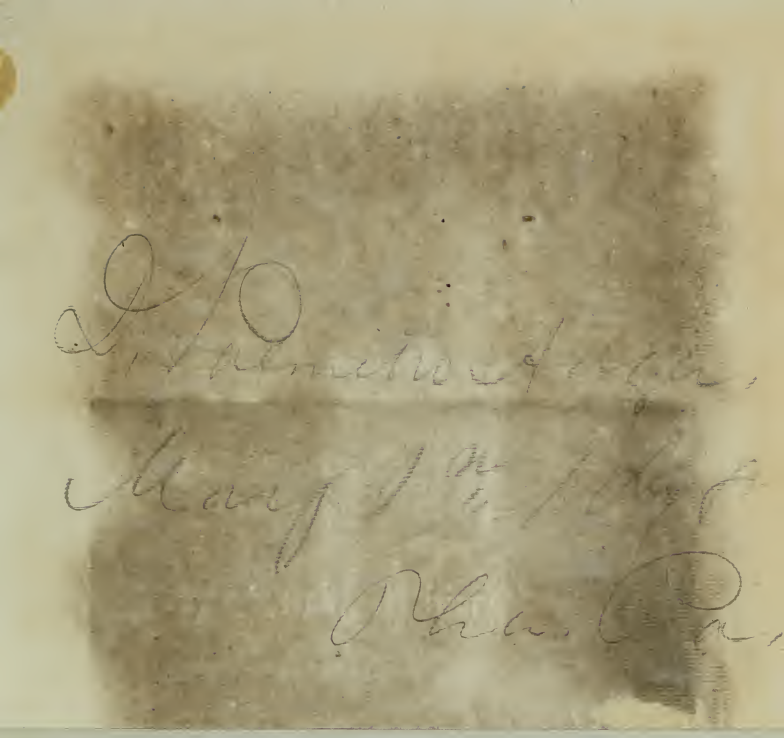
MEMOIRS
OF
MRS. REBECCA STEWARD

S. G. and E. L. ELBERT



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In Memoriam

No KATHARINE E. COMAN

MEMOIRS

OF

Mrs. Rebecca Steward,

CONTAINING:

A FULL SKETCH OF HER LIFE, WITH VARIOUS SELECTIONS FROM HER WRITINGS AND LETTERS; ALSO CONTRIBUTIONS FROM BISHOP CAMPBELL, D.D., PROF. B. F. LEE, OF WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, B. T. TANNER, D.D., EDITOR OF THE *Christian Recorder*, REV. T. GOULD, MRS. ELIZABETH LLOYD, AND WM. STEWARD,

BY REV. T. G. STEWARD.

The motto I taught my boys was "Aim at the Sun! If you do not bring it down, you will shoot higher than if you had aimed at the earth."—REBECCA STEWARD.

"Her children shall rise up and call her blessed."

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No. 631 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa.

1877.

Copyright, 1877, by Rev. T. G. Steward.

To DANIEL A. PAYNE, D.D.,

Senior Bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church;

IN RECOGNITION OF HIS LEARNING, TALENTS AND PIETY;

AND AS A TESTIMONIAL TO HIS HIGH APPRECIATION OF FEMALE EXCELLENCE, THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION

A life finished, is a proper subject for contemplation and study. To the Christian, whose eye is ever turning to the end of life, nothing can be more interesting than the life and death of the saints. It is never difficult to secure a large congregation to the funeral services of a well known Christian.

In looking upon a life closed, from a Christian standpoint, we see the Divine and the human blended. We see human nature moulded by divinely cast circumstances; we see character developed and displayed through these occasional circumstances. The "hidden man of the heart" is brought out, and we are able to see the *inner* through the *outer* life.

To this pleasant and profitable study, the reader of these pages is invited. He will be brought in contact with a life, humble and perhaps commonplace, but in-

teresting at every step, because always earnest and real. He is invited to follow that life through a responsible, laborious and thorny pathway; and to see manifest, a character always glowing in brightness and stronger than any emergency.

He may learn the secret of that brightness and strength if he will. It is not of man but of God. He may hear a faith express itself before great difficulties (as I have often times) in these words: "Who art thou O great mountain? before *Zerubbabel*, thou shalt become a plain." Zech. IV. 7.

And, if his eyes are cleared to see the things of God, as were those of Elisha's servant, as he and his master stood in the midst of the Syrian hosts at Dothan, he will see, not the mountains round about full of horses and chariots of fire; but a heavenly light streaming down upon the toiler, and a crown of resplendent glory held in her full view;—an angelic hand guiding her as she slowly pursues her way, sometimes weeping but often singing, through the inspiration of the hope set before her.

In presenting a sketch of this life I attempt to fulfill a threefold duty. First, it is an act of obedience to the feelings of my own heart. An imperious sentiment forces me to the task. This book is the tribute I bring to cast upon the tomb of a loved mother! Secondly, I essay to discharge this duty in obedience to the wish of many relatives and dear friends. I feel myself honored in a very high degree in being thus called to so delicate a responsibility, and I can but deeply feel my inabilities. Knowing, however, their sincere regard for the person whose name I endeavor to commemorate, I feel somewhat encouraged to entrust to their generosity my best efforts. Lastly, the interests of Christianity seem to demand this at my hands. A voice from above which I regard as that of the Master urges me to lay before the Christian world this life, as a help and solace to the many struggling ones. Reverently bowing to this call, and imploring His blessings upon the humble effort, I assume the pen. May the Lord own the work! And here I desire also to express my profound thanks to those distinguished

Christians, who have contributed most essentially to this volume, and to the many more, whose letters of sympathy and love have furnished inspiration to the performance of this sad, yet pleasing duty.

T. G. S.

In Memoriam.

BY

WILLIAM STEWARD

("WILL.").

"They are love's last gifts, bring ye flowers, pale flowers."—MRS. HEMANS.

I stand alone beside the silent mound,
The dull, cold earth beneath me, and the sky
Dark blue o'er head.—The spacious hills around
Nor charms the gaze of my grief wearied eye;
Sad, tired, forlorn, I sink upon the sod,
With rev'rent awe and mournful bareéd head,
I try to raise my thoughts to mother's God,
And with affection contemplate the dead.

I am a boy again—a lisping child,
With sunny face and merry prattling tongue;
I totter forth with joyous fancy wild,
And sing the lullaby we last night sung;
My young heart bounds with radiant happiness
As some new toy my angel-mother gives,
Or stoops to pat my head with sweet caress,
And my glad lips her cherished kiss receives.

Now I am grown to boyhoods first estate;
And thorns of life 'gin prick me one by one,—
Now aspiration's hopes, my thoughts elate,
And now by dissappointments am cast down;
The daily avocations of the farm
Bring each in turn their elements of woe,
But mother's heart, its beatings always warm,
Is a sure haven where I ever go.

Th' unruly horse my youthful strength o'erpowers,
Or vicious cattle wear my patience bare,
Each is recounted of in evening hours,
In boyhood's confidence in mother's ear,—
Ah! we six childish ones with each our cares—
Bespeak we each ones place, in mother's heart,
Where we each pour our trouble, hopes and fears,
And mother, tenderly takes each one's part.

And at th' appointed hour the father comes;
His day's work o'er, prompt, day and day the same,
Then happiest ours of all the happy homes
Our lessons coning, or with sportive game,—
Oh would those days of childhood linger still—
The ev'ning game prolong—e'en daily task
Is welcomed linger! youthful years ye will
Be vanished and your stay in vain we ask!

Too soon with quickning steps the eager days
Bring manhood's strength–our childhood all outgrown
And then for life we take our sep'rate ways,
Each son and daughter choose a course their own;
Too soon, alas! the shadowy curtain falls
And sorrows, real, begin to cast their gloam,
Our consciences' tickle with increasing galls
As each new silv'ry hair comes to our home.

Dear cherished ones, thy load we now wish lighter,
Since we are grown, and see thy waning years,
Thy daily walks we would see fair and brighter,
But ev'ry effort still augments thy cares;
Affliction's hand, spares not the burdened mother,
But suff'rings, long, great, are thy constant lot;
Nor stintless hand divides it with another
Who'd die for thee and for thee be forgot.

Grown, stalwart boys and buxome girls we all are
And fain would bring renown to thy dear name—
Pride to thy heart, and comfort to thy leisure
By some good noble deeds, and worthy fame,
Alas, how short we've come! When thou complaisant
Looked on expectant for some virtuous act,
How Self appeared like some fierce tigress couchant,
And we with evil motive seemed impact!

And thou art gone! Well do I remember
Our childhood's days again—I'd live them o'er—
When chilly blasts of sleeting, bleak December
Kept us, long ev'nings, close within the door,
We stories begged and then some Bible tale—
Of David's valor, or Saul's treachery
Of Moses meekness or Methus'lah hale—
Of Abraham's faith or Esau's jealousy.

Of Enoch's constancy in serving God,
Of Joseph, sold a slave; of Egypt's kings,
Of Pharaoh's plagues, and Moses' wond'rous rod,
And of the Psalms which ev'ry Christian sings,
Of John the Baptist, Christ the living Word
Which was made flesh, and came and dwelt with men,
Who was, and is, and shall be, God the Lord;
Of His disciples, Holy ones, and then
The Revelation, and the last Great Day,
Each in its turn, in loving tones, was given
And thus our mother thought to point the way
With truthful finger, to the gates of Heaven;
The great "Old Bible" then across her knee
Was tender laid,—I see her sparkling eye,—
With trem'lous voice she read the "Verily"
And hushed, we listen'd, 'till no eye was dry.

Then, kneeling, when the Word had well been read
In very confidence she talked with God,
And then with happy tears we went to bed,
Now Mother lies beneath the silent sod!
And thus, when father was away at toil
In fact'ry's buzz, his cherished ones to keep,
Giving his strength for them, in hot turmoil,
We, his dear ones, were wrapped in blissful sleep,

But she is gone! we've laid her down to rest
In a soft bed of satin, white and pure
We spread her o'er white rose buds on her breast,
And bade her soul, waft to the better shore!
Where mansions fair unnumbered stand prepared
For her and hers—her Lord had told her so
His Fathers house, to her he said, was shared
By those who loved as she had loved below.

And would I grieve? Yes, many a poisoned dart
Have I with wilful hand flung straight at thee,
Yet stood aghast, when it did prick thy heart,
I mourn in silence, now—thou'rt gone from me;
Father, and we, the six yet still are here
And for thy sake will serve each others good—
Grief answers grief, now comes the ready tear,
To bring thee back we'd weep thee tears of blood;
And would we weep for thee to call thee hence?
Again instate thee in this world of woe,
Would we rebel and murmur—dread offence—
Against the God whose mandate bade thee go?
Nay, wearied one, fly to thy hav'n of rest,
God wills it so; content we are to be
Without thee here, thou dwell'st among the blest
Forever safe in realms prepared for thee.

PART I.

Life and Character.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY AND PARENTS.

In Cumberland County, in the southern part of the State of New Jersey, may be found a little settlement called "Gouldtown." It contains a church, a school house, a blacksmith shop, a wheelwright shop, two stores and a post office. The community is made up almost entirely of farmers, and is of course very conservative as to modes of thought and expression.

It takes its name from the large family of Gould's who have so long occupied the place. There are, however, three other families more or less intermixed with the Gould family; viz: The Pierces, the Murrays, and the Cuffs; but the Goulds have usually maintained the leading position, both in number and influence.

Tradition connects this family with the early settlers of the State. John Fenwick, an Englishman, who had been a Major in the Parliamentary army under Cromwell, and who had been specially appointed by Cromwell to "see the sentence of death pronounced against

the king, (Charles I.,) executed, in the open streets before Whitehall," after the Restoration emigrated to America. He had adopted the religious views of George Fox, and became associated with William Penn.

He arrived in New Jersey (Caesarea) in the year 1675, accompanied by his three daughters, two of whom were married, their husbands, five grandchildren, and ten servants.

One grand-daughter, Elizabeth, aged at the time of their arrival in America at eleven years, subsequently caused him much grief, and, it is said did much to bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. "He does not disguise the sense of shame that hangs over him from her course of life, and strives to make her understand his displeasure, by depriving her of any part of his property, immediate or prospective, but on certain conditions."—*Life of John Fenwick by John Clemens.*

The crime committed by Elizabeth, was uniting herself in wedlock to a *black man.* It may have been an informal wedlock; as perhaps no one could be found in the colony who would have dared solemnize or record such a marriage. For its legality it may have had to depend upon Heaven's authority, and not upon the par-blind courts of men. The "certain conditions" upon which Elizabeth might share a part of her grand-

father's property were, to leave "that Black," and repent of her sins. (See Fenwick's will.)

A tradition universally accepted, connects the Goulds with the issue of this marriage. The name of this man, however, is not found in any of the family records, and in Fenwick's will he is simply contemptuously called "that Black." A vague tradition says he was a slave whom Fenwick purchased of some trading vessel, giving in exchange for him a barrel of rum. If this should be true, the sequel shows how large a trouble he bought with a small price.

Benjamin Gould, the first Gould of whom we have any record, is declared to be the son of this Elizabeth. He is supposed to have had a brother named Richard. The dust of Benjamin Gould and "Ann" his wife, lies buried in the old family graveyard at Gouldtown.

To them were born Elisha, Abijah, Samuel and Anthony. Samuel died January 26th, 1793, and Abijah in 1806. Very little, indeed, is known of this generation.

It was simply an obscure family, struggling against terrible odds, and yet possessing intelligence sufficient to preserve some records and establish a graveyard.

The graveyard is a hallowed rallying place. Abraham's first possession in the land of promise was a family burying ground; and to this sacred spot as

a last earthly resting place, his immediate descendants were taught to look.

To Abijah Gould were born Benjamin, Richard, Abijah Jr., Furman, Leonard and Hannah.

Furman Gould was for many years a licensed local preacher in the African M. E. Church and was an honored member of the Philadelphia Annual Conference. The older members of that Conference will readily remember his venerable appearance, coupled with his somewhat brusque and positive manners. He was a man who had views of his own, and the hardihood to express them.

Benjamin Gould quite early in life married Phoebe Bowen, a young women brought up in the family of Reuben Cuff of Salem, N. J. To them were born Oliver, Tamson, Lydia, Jane, Abijah, Sarah, Rebecca Phoebe and Prudence.

This Benjamin Gould, the brother of the Rev. Furman Gould, is doubtless well remembered by the older itinerant preachers, who labored in that section of the country, as for instance the Rev. Richard Barney and Bishop Wayman. He was a man of recognized worth, for many years chief steward of the church, of some literary culture, quite a wag, and very fond of practical jokes. He was a thrifty farmer for his times, and quite an extensive dealer in cordwood and hop-poles.

Phoebe Gould, his wife, was possessed of consi-

derable intelligence and evinced a fondness for learning. Deeply pious, her mind was well stored with Bible truths and with choice hymns. She manifested a fondness for children, and could repeat from memory to their delight many long stories in verse; and she never failed to leave upon them an impression for good. She seemed to live in a very holy frame, and did not fail to bless all who came near her.

Benjamin Gould, the father of Rebecca Steward, passed away on the 18th of May 1851, and twenty-six years after on the same day of the month and at the same hour in the day, viz., May 18th 1877, Phoebe Gould, the mother, followed him to that better land. The heads of the family are gone over, and one by one the children who have walked in the footsteps of their parents are being gathered home after them. The latest grave is that which contains the precious dust of REBECCA STEWARD, fifth daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe Gould.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH, HOME, MARRIAGE, CONVERSION.

Rebecca Gould, afterwards Rebecca Steward, was born in Gouldtown on the 2d of May, 1820. But Gouldtown a half century ago was not what it is now. It was then almost unbroken forest. The early childhood of this family was passed in a rude little log house, in which one room answered for kitchen, dining-room, parlor and bed-room for eleven souls.

A brave and stalwart father, a slight and sickly mother, seven girls, and two boys, made up that household. A little uncomfortable school house, answering on the Sabbath for church, was the only public building known. In such circumstances, grew up this family; the children early learning to work in the fields and in the woods, girls and boys, very much alike, getting now and then a few months in school, and working occasionally in other families. Thus they learned quite early the stern realities of life.

This home, though rude, was the abode of good cheer, in which the wayworn traveler and especially the minister of the gospel, always found a welcome.

Let me picture it as it lives in my earliest recollections. The log-house had then given way to one of

frame scarcely larger, and this was old. The heavy oaken door painted red swung lazily on its hinges, and the leather latch string answered for a knob. In one corner of the room stood an ancient corner cupboard, with its glass doors and abundant carvings; in another the old clock, with its two brothers clasped in affectionate embrace on its front; the fire place and the innovation of a ten plate stove, occupied one side of the room; while opposite, stood the old table, with its legs terminating in dragon's feet, from which I have crept away in terror many times, imagining that the cloth concealed some hideous beast. A long settee and a few rush bottom chairs completed the furniture.

My earliest recollections carry me to this house; to the well that stood before it; to the old pear tree and apple tree near by. But clearest in my memory are the white bread, the rich butter and sweet milk, that "Grandmother" dealt out to her hungry juvenile visitors with such liberal hand. Oh, how peaceful and sweet appear the beginnings of life when we look back upon them from the smoking perilous battle field of manhoods labors.

At nineteen years of age, Rebecca Gould was sought and won in marriage by James Steward. He was then a young man of promise, a steady and thrifty mechanic, having worked nine years in the Cumberland Nail and Iron works. He had been reared practically an orphan, his mother having gone to San Do-

mingo, doubtless with an intention of one day returning. She never returned; and thus his last earthly relative, so far as he knew, departed. Alone he battled his way up. Providence, however, ultimately gave him a home in the family of Elijah Gould, father of Rev. T. Gould, where he remained until twenty-one. At twenty-four years of age he took to his side Rebecca Gould and the twain became one.

Of James Steward and Rebecca, were born six children, viz: Margarette, William, Mary, Theophilus Gould, Alice, and Stephen Smith.

Permit me henceforth to speak of this couple as my father and mother, and I beg the reader to pardon me, if I should manifest a degree of love and respect, which may seem to him somewhat partial.

I write, I trust, as a man who feels that there can be no nobler sentiment than real filial love.

Neither my father or mother were Christians at the time of marriage. They commenced life in the town; but as children were born to them, although they had purchased a home in the village, they sold it and went to the country.

The principal object had in view in this matter, was to keep their children in a pure and health giving moral, as well as physical, atmosphere. I am not certain which took the lead in this change, father or mother; but it is presumable that as father had been

reared in the town and mother in the country, it was done directly or indirectly through her influence.

Fortunately father and mother agreed on all principal matters relating to the government of their children. They both resolved to do the best possible, to give them a practical education, an education that would be of use; but mother being the better informed assumed the larger share in the direction of this education. She, to some extent, examined and encouraged the children even when in school, and kept the love of learning burning briskly all the time.

About seven years after marriage she became an active Christian, joining the African M. E. Church in Gouldtown, October 12, 1846, under Rev. now Bishop A. W. Wayman; and not long after my father followed her in a profession of faith.

My whole recollection of my mother is of a Christian. In my early childhood, I remember her as being much afflicted. During one of these long periods of sickness, I remember her requesting my father to sing the hymn:

> "Shrinking from the cold hand of death
> I soon shall gather up my feet,
> Shall soon resign this fleeting breath
> And die,—my father's God to meet."

I suppose she felt that her end was approaching. She had taken the book and found the hymn and requested my father to sing it. As soon as he saw the

character of the hymn he bowed himself upon the bedside and wept. Though but a child scarcely above infancy, yet the scene is firmly photographed on my memory.

I also remember during one of these long periods of sickness, of receiving an impression that I had seen her walking out in the garden. I was so sure that she had been out, that the next day I asked her if she was going out again. She surprisingly asked "Going out again? why when have I been out?" "Why," said I "you were out in the garden yesterday." "No, I was not," she replied. I insisted that she had been out; but she thought I had dreamed it; and that *disgusted me*, when I was so sure I had *seen her and talked with her in the garden.* I carry to this day a distinct recollection of her appearance in the garden on that day.

The facts were, as I afterward learned, that she was sitting by the south window in her room overlooking the garden, watching me while I was playing in the garden. I have no explanation to offer.

The work of my mother may be divided in at least three parts, viz: In her family, in the neighborhood, and in herself, in enduring afflictions and triumphing over them.

As a wife and a mother, she fulfilled her whole duty in the household. She was intelligent, hospitable, and kind; securing for her children the best company with-

in their reach. By extensive reading and careful study, she prepared herself to entertain the young and the old, the rude, and the refined; and by her executive ability she could secure the comfort and pleasure of almost any number of guests. Towards the community she stood as an unofficious and unostentatious missionary and educator. In herself she suffered the will of God, and gave such an example of patience as is rarely met with.

I shall try to present a brief sketch of her work in all these spheres and refer the reader for illustrations, to her own writings and letters, and to the contributions of those whose names honor this book.

CHAPTER III.

WIFE, MOTHER AND WRITER.

On the 21st of March, 1869, my mother was taken with a serious illness, which confined her to her bed for two years, and to her house for five years. During the period of her convalescence, in which for most of the time she was unable to walk a step, she kept her pen employed; and always upon Christian themes. Having read the Bible with great patience and care, she could glean from its inspired pages, thoughts not unworthy a place in our best religious journals.

It was while she was thus afflicted, that the movement for the special promotion of holiness assumed noticable proportions. With this movement she had no sympathy, and expressed unhesitatingly her disapproval of any religious or political reform, lead in large measure by women. She wrote a series of articles on "Sanctification," having direct bearing upon this movement. Her words have lost none of their weight with the lapse of time, and experience of the Church.

She commenced her articles with expressing surprise and pain, that Christians should talk about the *time when* they were sanctified; and should set apart times and hold special meetings for sanctification,

"Now," she says, this argues to me that they do *not know Christ*; or they doubt God's power to forgive sins fully, freely and clearly; or they do not believe Christ when he says believe and be saved. 'He that believeth on me though *he were dead* yet shall he live" Jno. 11. 25. Now, if Christ does not mean to save to the *uttermost* why does he invite all the ends of the earth to come and be saved? He does not say repent and believe *now*, and after awhile I will come to wash, cleanse, purify, sanctify you or set you apart; but he says repent and believe *now* and ye shall be saved *now*."

She maintained with the approval of her own conscience, the testimony of her own experience, and abundant scripture reference, that we could not be half in Christ and half-out, half-saved and half-lost, that there was no concord between Christ and Belial, no partnership between God and the devil.

Her words are "We cannot be half saved and half lost, there can be no half-way measures with Christ, *we must come unto Him and be saved or stay away and be lost.*"

And then she says "Every part must be saved, not a hair of your head shall perish." As God sanctified the entire Sabbath from its very dawn to its close, so she argued does God sanctify the whole Christian life. Her faith was to the effect that all Christians were sanctified from conversion, and she called on all Chris-

tians to so regard themselves and to so repose upon all the promises of God.

During this period of affliction she wrote the interesting paper found further on in this book, entitled, "TWO YEARS ON THE BRINK OF JORDAN." It was written with a view of reflecting her own experience. The cases alluded to in it of persons crossing the river in Charon's boat, are not ficticious, but solemn records of the death of some of her acquaintances. She preferred to leave them un-named, and I would not now trespass upon her preference; but I repeat, the reader may feel assured, that in every departure of the boat he is looking upon a real death-bed scene, and will understand that morning, noon, and evening, as there used, refer to youth, middle age, and old age.

But it was in the home circle that Mother was best known and most honored. To exhibit something of her knowledge of life, I give a few of her letters addressed to her children. They are records of suffering, of patience, of faith, and of love.

January 9, 1875.

DEAR ALICE.—I have been kept at home again to-day by a fit of cholic, which I am having every few days now, or whenever I eat anything. It has not lasted as long to-day as usual, and was not quite as bad. Last Sunday I went to Quarterly meeting in the morning, thinking it would be sacrament service, but it was put

off till afternoon, so I have not had the sacrament since August * * * You must not think because I said I had the cholic that I am sick. I am going about, seeing to my work. We killed hogs Monday, and I fixed all the dinner and I go visiting once in awhile, and to day, although confined at home, I have been picking some of the fruit off life's fair tree. I can't tell you how much, but I have got pretty well filled; but I have not got as much *charity* as I want. * * * * * * * * * Your pigeon is living and running with the chickens.

YOUR MOTHER.

The following letter was addressed to her daughter Alice and her husband Rev. C. C. Filts, when he was very sick. It explains itself, and although it contains matters of a private nature, yet I give it entire to show the beauty and strength of her mind and heart.

June 26, 1875.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I am deeply grieved that the dark hand of affliction should fall on you so soon, and I can hardly realize how hard it has been through all these weary weeks of suffering; but, dear Alice, I hope you have done well your duty, and Cethe I trust has born up with Christian patience.

I would gladly have been with you if it had been possible. I am thankful to hear that Cethe is better

and hope he will take good care of himself and get quite well. We did not feel so much disappointed at your not coming; we hardly looked for you, although your father would not give it up until the last train had come in. But do not worry to come home; tell Cethe I think he has the *home sickness* to contend with now, but he must be patient as he promised.

My visit to New York was not much; I was so tired when I got there, I could not do anything. Sunday I went to church and Sunday School. Monday it rained, so I did not go out, and Tuesday I came home; so you see I don't know much about anything, only the beautiful ride up the bay from Long Branch, which was amid the finest scenery I ever saw. Theoph's people seem to think a great deal of him; but he is not very well. Lizzie got down home all right and her brother is coming back with her.

We are all well, but the weather is so hot we can hardly live; the factory stopped yesterday for the heat. We are going to harvest next week; we have the nicest corn.

We are having some great times about Bro. Faucett's money; we have to pay up every week, but *I* think he is nice, and he gives us good preaching.

I know you will not mind bad writing this hot weather.

MOTHER.

In giving these two letters, I have desired to show my mother's appreciation of the sacraments of the church, and of the gospel, and her ability to give good counsel and comfort to her distressed children. *She had not had the sacrament since August!* She felt the loss, and had through much affliction gone to church that she might once more meet the assembly of the saints, at the table of the Lord, and then had been disappointed! She put her own feelings on paper, when, as against the clamor and complaints against the minister, she wrote "*he gives us good preaching.*" Little did she then know that that minister, who gave the people, as she said, "good preaching," should one day be called upon to pronounce the last sad tribute to her worth over her open coffin. I am glad that I can put on record the testimony of Rebecca Steward, a woman learned in the Bible, and experienced in the things of God, in favor of the preaching of any minister. She calmly wrote that Brother Faucett gave the people good preaching.

How she could comfort the distressed, the letters themselves say. A few more paragraphs will show how she lived in the atmosphere of Heaven, and how she looked upon Heaven as her near home.

The reader will pardon this anticipation and transposition of years.

CHAPTER IV.

CHILDREN ALL MARRIED.

In the spring of 1874 my mother had so far recovered, as to be able to walk about a little; and, in company with her oldest sister, Tamson Cuff, since gone to rest, she made a visit of a few weeks to Newbern, North Carolina. Soon after her arrival she wrote the following letter:

Newbern, N. C., April 17th, 1874.

Dear husband, and all the loved ones at home.

WILL wrote for me last night, so you will know that we got here all safe; but Tamson is not feeling very well this morning. I am quite as well as usual. I found Will and his folks as well and happy as can be; Will is fatter than I ever saw him. I did not get to see Theoph, I can't tell why; if you hear from him let me know; and if you do not, after a week or two, write to Mr. Hamilton, and see where he is. It was cold and dreary enough when we came from home, but we have come right into midsummer here; the birds are singing, and flowers blooming, and the swamps and woods along the road are as green as in the first of June. In the yards here, there are fig trees, and

peach and plum trees, as green with leaves as in July with us. They are having peas, and onions, and lettuce, to eat. I had a nice bunch of flowers given to me last night, and I want to send you some before they wilt. * * * * We had a nice ride around the city (in Washington,) saw the Capitol, Patent Office, and Post Office, and I cannot tell you what else, until I get home. We are invited to stop a week in Washington on our return; but I reckon I shall want to come right home when I start.

As ever, wife and mother,

R. S.

She came home from this visit much improved, and enjoyed quite good health until the fall of '75. During the winter of '74 she witnessed the marriage of her two remaining children, and looked out upon life a second time almost alone. The couple that had married in the beginning of December '38, saw the last of their children married, at the close of December '74. Thirty-six years had been employed in rearing and training a family ere the last one is given to manhood, and the father and mother turn a moment to repose. Their work is done; time shall say if it has been well done. Time did I say? Nay, Eternity! Their work done, they go back in that quiet home alone, but cannot recall the hopes and joys of youth. When married thirty-six years ago, they were without the Pearl

of Great Price; now they sit in that homestead, after exercising nearly forty years of command in the sublime domain of domestic government, and look up to their father's God. Now that father and mother bow, and unitedly pray, "God bless our offspring in different parts of the world; teach them, educate them, give them knowledge, wisdom and understanding; make them useful in doing much good, and instruments in Thy hand in winning many souls to Thy Kingdom." This is no fancy sketch, dear reader, but an actual quotation from the prayer that went up from that altar.

When somewhat discouraged with untoward circumstances, during this period of her life, I received two letters from her which I have ever prized. In one she said: "I never close my eyes at night, without looking over you all, and committing you all to God's care; and I *do* pray God to keep you all; so that when we are all done with the cares of this life, we shall be a family united around the throne—children, grandchildren, and all; and we will make the heavens ring with one eternal song of praise."

"Follow after the meek and lowly Jesus; and if you can't make anything of the old people, try the children; sow the seeds of Divine Truth among *them* as much as you can; leave no measure untried, no place neglected, as far as in you lies. Be faithful; be earnest; for remember He that goeth forth with tares bearing precious seed shall return again bringing his

sheaves with him. And Oh! think of the glory, the rejoicing—when all the ransomed of the Lord shall come flocking to him—to meet those you have been instrumental in bringing to Christ."

In the other she said: "Continue to look up, for Christ is the end of your hopes and He will never forsake you. He has work enough for you to do. Seek to find out His will and obediently follow it. Work in His vineyard wherever you find a place; and, if you can find nothing else, then quietly, like your mother, patiently wait and speak a word for Him whenever you can. Scatter seed wherever you go, and may the Lord bless you, and keep you and all yours, is the best wish of the heart of your mother."

The summer of '75 was to the inhabitants of South Jersey quite prosperous, so far as the productions of the field were concerned, and this made abundant work for mother now left alone. It being difficult to obtain help, the chief burden of managing the affairs of the farm-house fell upon her, and they were not light. She says, July 6, 1875, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Felts: "We are all pretty well and almost done harvesting; the weather is very warm and I have had it pretty hard, but it is over now, and I have stood it right well."

On the 5th of the same month she wrote a long letter to Mrs. Felts inviting her home. During the month of August, 1875 she presided over a family re-

union, at which were gathered all the members of the household consisting of over forty persons. A long table was spread under the trees just as the sun was sinking in the west, and after a short prayer by Rev. R. Faucett this numerous family gathered around it in the utmost sociality. It was their last.

The remaining days of summer and early autumn passed away without any material change in her health; but as the cool weather approached, and the profuse vegetable matter began to die away, she was taken with a slight billious intermittent fever. Exposing herself too early on her recovery from this, she was thrown into typhoid fever and was by it completely prostrated. During the winter as she was very low, I was informed of her state, and came to see her, bringing her some nourishment, which I induced her to take, and there was soon a gradual change for the better. During her former illness her hair had all turned grey, and fallen out; during the period of health from the spring of '74 to the autumn of '75 it had grown in again black, and now this terrible typhoid fever leaves her reduced to little more than a skeleton, and her hair all grey and falling out again.

On the 13th of February 1876, having recovered sufficiently, she wrote to her daughter as follows, writing with her own hand: Dear Alice. The cloud indeed passed away, and I am much better; I am sorry I troubled you, and made you sad (alluding to a

previous letter in which she expressed no hope of recovery), but I thought it best then. I guess I will get well now, if nothing else happens. Father will not let me go out of the room yet; he is very well; he went to a donation party to Mr. Faucett's last night. You need not be uneasy about me, I am well cared for and do not wish you to come to me. I think it would be out of your duty and you know I always say "duty before pleasure;" and besides, "Aunt Lydia" has been with me and will come again if I need her. * * * * The people like Mr. Faucett better than they did. I cannot advise you about coming East. * * * You must both make it a subject of prayer, but don't come for my sake; *I am not worth a sacrifice*; and besides I have sacrificed you all to the Lord. (See February 6th 1876.) I have laid all of you, with all that I have, on the altar; all my dearest affections, and you among the dearest; so you see I can't take you back." And in this letter she adds "here is the last bit of my hair."

The same date she wrote to her son-in-law, Rev. C. C. Felts as follows: "Dear Cethe:—I like to forgot, I had something to say to *you*. I must answer your *grumbling* as best I can, for I don't like *grumblers* any way. (Mr. Felts had written, that his room was so small that he could not walk across without moving things out of the way to make a passage, etc., and otherwise alluding to his poverty. Of course the

correspondence was rather jocosely conducted.) She continued:

"1st You forget how much larger your room is than the cross was; and how many things the Saviour had to move out of the way; you forget also how much larger those mansions in glory will appear.

2d. You forget, too, that your bread shall be given and water sure; and having food and raiment, therewith to be content.

3d. You forget, too, that he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again, bringing his sheaves with him. Sow thy seed in the morning, in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that. The other side looks so bright, I have no comments.

MOTHER.

The summer of '76 passed slowly away, she regaining health slowly. Her hair, which all came out with the typhoid fever, grew in rapidly, and again black. In August of that year she wrote as follows: "We are all well as usual. Theoph is here, and Lizzie is coming to day, and Bishop Payne Saturday. We had the finest pic-nic yesterday we have had for a long time. * * * I shall be to see you week after next, if I don't go home with Theoph; and if I do, I will be there the week after. I am going to Camp-meeting now."

She went home with "Theoph," passing a week in Brooklyn and going from there to Philadelphia. Her deep interest in the welfare of her children, and her complete resignation to the will of God are so apparent in these letters, as scarcely to need a hint. She has laid all on the altar and dare not take it off. She counts not herself "*worth a sacrifice.*" What further self-denial can be asked? What further consecration possible.

From her visit to Brooklyn she went to Philadelphia, stopping a week at the latter place with her daughter, Mrs. Felts, and remarked while there, that she was taking a rest after her severe summer's labor, and was also visiting her children for the last time, unless called to them by sickness. While in Philadelphia she visited the great Centennial Exposition, and called on many of her friends in the city. On the Sabbath, it was her intention to visit "Old Bethel" *once more*, but the day being stormy, she was disappointed. Her two weeks vacation, she said, saved her from an attack of sickness, and she passed the following winter in quite good health. She wrote me towards spring, saying she was rapidly gaining in flesh and had not been sick a day since her visit.

During the month of January her oldest sister was taken very sick, requiring much of her attention; simultaneously word came that her daughter, Mrs. Felts, was also seriously ill. She divided her time

between these two afflicted ones, again visiting the city. As she left home to go to the city, the weather was so bad, she had doubts about reaching it; but she said, "My duty is to start." Staying two weeks with her daughter, she availed herself of only one pleasure, and that was to hear Dr. Lord's classic lecture on Gothic Architecture. This was to her a great treat; and her perception was at that time so clear, and her memory so retentive, that after coming home she repeated almost the entire substance of the lecture. During the month of March my brother Stephen and his wife moved into the homestead, to take charge of the farm. My mother felt sad as she brought her domestic arrangements within closer quarters, and remarked that it seemed to her "like having gone to the top of the hill and now going down again." Although she was delighted with her daughter-in-law and heartily acquiesced in the arrangement, in fact it was in accord with her own wish, yet she expressed a feeling of sadness as she relinquished her hold upon active and responsible life. What with the labor of caring for the sick daughter, her sick mother, and her sick sister, during the winter, when spring came she was very much worn down. The last letter she wrote is dated May 7th, 1877, and is addressed to her oldest son. It reads:

Dear Will:—Yours kindly received. We were glad to be remembered, and glad to know you had got so well; we are all as usual except colds. I have not seen your family since you were here. Steve is almost done planting corn; but the weather is so cold, he gets along slow with his work. "Aunt Tamson" is very low;—not expected to live from day to day. Tell Alice, we can't—any one of us—come to the opening of the Exhibition; but she can come home *any day she gets ready.*

We are getting along very peacably and nice with our two families together. Our new preacher was with us yesterday and kindly received. You will wonder why I have not written better; but I am in a hurry for "Grandmother" and "Aunt Prude" are both sick, and I am going there as soon as I can; "Aunt Tamson's" family are all with her; you see we have trouble all around us; it was the news of "Ike's" death that threw her back. Father is working right on for four weeks, which is wonderful.

With much love, from your

MOTHER.

So far as I know this is the last letter she ever wrote. On the 11th of May, Mrs. Felts went home and took charge of her work, while she gave her time fully to the care of the sick. Every day and every night she would visit one or the other, often going

from one directly to the other, taking but very little rest. One day she remarked to Mrs. Felts: "Alice, this is the only time since your marriage that I have ever wanted you back; when I gave you up, I did so freely and have never regretted it, and this is the first time I have ever really needed you since, and now the Lord has arranged it for you to be here."

On the 16th of May, "Aunt Tamson" (Mrs. Tamson Cuff, her oldest sister) passed away from earth. At the time of her death mother was absent; coming to look upon her lifeless form, she talked pleasantly with those around of the reality and glory of heaven, and came home singing:

"I know not the hour when my Lord shall come,
To take me away to His own dear home,
But I know that His presence will lighten my gloom;
And that will be glory for me."

Taking off her bonnet, she said: "Alice, attend to the work, I must indulge myself a little now"; and lying down on the sofa, she wept freely for some time. She lay there till evening and then rousing herself, passed the evening in conversation with the daughters of the deceased. On the next day, May 17th, she worked very hard intending to spend all the next day with her mother. About 5 o'clock that afternoon word was brought that *her mother was dead.* Throwing up both hands, she uttered a wail of horror, such as none had ever heard from her before, saying quick-

ly: "Oh! My mother gone; and I so selfish as to be about my work and not with her!" We replied: "But mother you were preparing to spend to-morrow with her." She added immediately: "I could have gone to day. It was my selfishness. Mother said she would die on the 18th and I intended to be with her on that day; but I ought not to have left her, I ought not to have left her" she repeated.

As quickly as possible she was at her mother's bedside and to her inexpressible joy found her *still alive.* She had sunk so low that life was thought extinct, but the Lord had revived her again and she still lived, and recognized her daughter. She lived through the night and waited until the sun had sent his first beams to bless the earth on the 18th, when her happy spirit fled to its eternal home. She had known it would appear for some days, the day and very hour when she should go away. It was the same day of the month and the same hour at which her husband died. Side by side their ashes sleep in the old family graveyard at Gouldtown, awaiting the clarion call of the resurrection trump.

My mother turned not away from the corpse of her mother until she had seen it all prepared for the grave. It was a work, she said, she could leave no stranger to do, and made the same request for herself. "Never allow my body to pass into the hands of strangers," was her request.

On Saturday, the 19th of May, 1877, her sister, Mrs. Cuff, was buried, and Monday following, (May 21st,) her mother's corpse was laid in the grave. After the funeral of the mother, at her suggestion, all the remaining members of the family went back to the old homestead and ate dinner together, she saying it would perhaps be their last time. From these sad days she went direct into hard work, and when gently remonstrated with and fears were expressed that she would get sick, she replied: "Oh! I will get over it, I guess; and if I do not, it is in the end life everlasting."

On the 28th of the month she was taken seriously ill and medical aid was summoned. From the first she expressed but little hope, saying: "I never was sick this way before." She talked freely with her children and would not be satisfied until she had made them say that they had forgiven her for persisting to work against their wish.

During the last Sabbath she spent on earth, she fell into a gentle doze when suddenly waking, she said: "What do you think I saw?" and then musingly she added: "It might have been a dream; I think it was, but I saw the Lord holding Theoph and Cethe, in his arms, and I know He is going to keep them safe."

That night being taken worse, the family watched with her and she remarked: "Ah, children, I shall not be here in the morning." Morning came, how-

ever, and she was still spared. In conversation that day she said: "I thought I was dying, but I felt comfortable in mind and had no fear." As her daughter, Mrs. Felts, was obliged to leave, she urged her to watch with great care over her little girl, saying: "As you mould her so will she grow. I never could think my children were only for my pleasure, I did not dare make playthings of them, I thought the training of my children was part of the work God gave me to do."

"I may get well," said she, "but anyhow my life is hid with Christ in God and to be where there is no more pain, where all tears are wiped away,—Ah, you need not wonder that I do not care to stay here. I have been sick so much—and in that land no one says 'I am sick,' I have thought with "Aunt Tamson" and "Grandmother" that it was hard to open the gates, but then there's glory on the other side."

The next day (Monday) she appeared better, but during the night was again worse. On Thursday, Father becoming alarmed, despatched for the absent ones; she knew this and objected, saying it would produce needless alarm. That night she had sinking spells. Recovering from one of them, she exclaimed: "Oh, can't you catch the glory of heaven all around me!" Father burst into tears and she immediately added: "Oh, I did not mean to distress you!" Although we knew she was dying, we said but little.

Who could talk? Her last audible words were: "Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me," and taking the hand of her sister, added: "I am deep down in the valley now"—"deep down in the valley, but glory to God," she could say "Thou art with me!"

Just three weeks after her mother's death, viz: Friday, June 8th, 1877, she passed away and there are now three fresh graves in that old burial ground.

THE FUNERAL.

On Monday, June 11th, 1877, a large concourse of people met in Trinity A. M. E. Church, Gouldtown, to pay their last acknowledgements to this modest and excellent woman. The corpse was neatly dressed and in the coffin lay quite a profusion of freshly blown roses. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Redman Faucett and Dr. B. T. Tanner; those at the grave by Revs. E. J. Hammet, G. W. Boyer and Dr. H. M. Turner. All spoke eloquently of the virtues of the deceased. After the coffin was lowered down in the grave and solemnly committed to dust, a large basket of white roses were distributed among the weeping relatives and friends, and each threw a handful of sweet flowers on the dust of her whom all had learned to love.

And thus ends the earthly life of a noble woman. Ends did I say? May I not rather say, begins! That

life so illustrative of golden virtues and heroic principles, it is to be hoped will go down through the present and succeeding generations, lived over by those whom she loved, and she being dead, may yet speak words of comfort and love to many struggling ones among God's children.

CHAPTER V.

RETROSPECTION.

Shall we not now pause a moment by the side of this fresh grave, and look back over the pathway trod by the modest woman, whose form lies sleeping here, embalmed in flowers, and call to mind anew the virtues she possessed.

We have seen her in the midst of a large family, performing the duties of wife and mother. Shall we not for a moment regard her in that larger sphere of Christian labor, which she filled in the church and in her community.

In 1846 she became an earnest and zealous follower of the Lord, and united with the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Gouldtown, of which the Rev. (now Bishop) A. W. Wayman was then pastor. She was converted during a period of affliction, and I think the lines written in that year and bearing the inscription "written after a time of affliction," page 129, are intended to commemorate that event. The second and third verses seem to describe the state of a soul passing from death to life, through faith in the gospel. She joined the church in October of that year, and seems to have commenced her labors at once.

In the Sunday-school she became a teacher and was successful in that capacity in bringing many souls to Christ. It was her object to secure the conversion of every scholar committed to her care, and she seldom failed. She also became teacher of an adult Bible class, which met weekly at her house or the house of one of the neighbors; she managed for some time a weekly prayer meeting, composed of the female members of the church, and subsequently became an active member of the church aid society. Yet, with all this activity, there was no ostentation, no public show, no noisy parade, no extravagant shouting. She was an uncompromising opponent to woman's preaching, and to all of those mutual aid societies bearing high sounding titles. I think nothing could have induced her to countenance in any way the numerous "orders" which prevail so largely among our people, and she wore no badge, or jewelry. No rings were on her fingers or in her ears, and yet she affected no plainness of dress. She repudiated extravagance of all sorts, and sought to avoid everything which might render her noticeable. After five years of Christian life and labor she came forward as a candidate for baptism; for on this subject she entertained peculiar scruples. She was baptised in 1851, and surely none could have been more worthy. This rite was performed by Rev. Shepherd Holcombe in the church of which she had been a member five years.

She seems to have consecrated herself most fully to the Lord, and although she repudiated the theory of the "second blessing," yet she doubtless enjoyed all that the strongest advocates of that theory claim. She says in a letter dated February 13th, 1876, (see page 33), that she had laid all upon the altar, even her children, and she did not dare take them off! She counted herself as nothing, not even "worth a sacrifice," and was certainly all the Lord's. What does she mean by this? Seven days before in a scrap book containing numerous clippings she had written the following: "On this 6th day of February, 1876, I consecrate myself and all I have anew to the Lord. Many years I have been His; but I renew my covenant. All I have,—all my affections, all my wealth (what I have), all my labors, as far as I can understand, are His, to be used for His glory.

Mark, she says: "I consecrate myself, *anew*." She had been the Lord's before, for many years, and she now makes no new covenant, but she *renews* the old covenant. This was in strict accord with all her previous life, and although she advanced far towards the heights of holiness, she always turned away from the theory of special sanctification, regarding it as an error in doctrine and an unreality in experience; and yet none could have gone farther in consecration than herself. Every word of this declaration is solemn and sincere, and this consecration is without re-

serve. Here then is what she means by having laid her children on the altar and not daring to take them off.

During her remaining days my oldest sister writes: "She seemed more devoted, more perfected to our Heavenly Father's will than ever." Notwithstanding her feebleness she regularly attended the church on Sabbath mornings, and met the Sunday-school teachers once a week, going over the lessons and giving much valuable instruction. After the dismission of the morning service on Sabbath, she regularly met her class, and my sister, whose seat was near her's, writes: "Every Sunday she would say, 'I am trying to *live* a Christian; I wish to die a Christian and see what the end of a Christian life will be.' On the last Sunday she met the class, which was just one week and four days before she died—she seemed if possible, more devoted than usual and her words impressed me much. I did not think then that I should never hear her speak in class again."

My mother had read the Scriptures with great care and was not fully persuaded that infant baptism was therein taught, and although a Methodist, she hesitated to give her children to God and the church in this ordinance. Of her six children not one was baptised in infancy, nor did she teach them to "say prayers." It required great faith to depart from so general a custom, but being taught of God, she dared to do it.

The reader will observe in my brother's poem, which actually reproduces the scenes of our childhood, that there is no picture of a child with clasped hands kneeling down and lisping his evening prayer by his mother's knee. No such picture was common there. Early in the days of her life as a mother she abandoned the custom. Prayerless the six children went to bed, and prayerless they went to their daily tasks, and this not through negligence but through principle. She thought "saying prayers" a grave species of trifling; and, as father worked sometimes nights and sometimes days, regularity in family prayer, if desired, could not be had. I am not certain that *it was desired.* Religion, not even in its forms, was forced upon the children but on the contrary it was rendered so attractive, that the children of that household would crowd around that mother in the evening and tease her to tell them a story. The story would always be told just before bed-time and would be likely to end with a solemn appeal to our consciences, the reading of a chapter from the old family Bible, a prayer and then all the children were hurried to bed. This was not a nightly occurrence, but seemed wholly dependent upon our asking. The stories were always from the Bible and to our little minds were wonderfully well told; often filling us with such hatred toward bad men, that on seeing their pictures we would wish

to destroy them, and making us cry over those that had suffered.

Such was the character of the religious training she gave her household. I wish it were possible to obtain one of those stories just as she told it. The nearest approach to anyone of them is the little story about "SELF" told with her pen many years later, when writing was to her a great difficulty, to two of her grandchildren. While it may be interesting, I am sure it bears but a faint comparison to those that her own children heard in their childhood from her own lips.

I had thought to pass over this part of my mother's work for fear it might not be understood; or that others attempting to imitate her herein might suffer great loss in their families. Where the religious care of the children is left to the mother, and she is not specially gifted, it is perhaps better to teach by rote and by form; but where conditions are otherwise, it is better to teach the children directly the doctrines of religion and let them make their own forms.

Religion and reverence for God and sacred things, then becomes a part of their nature and is more likely to be sincere.

Looking upon this life, shall we ask what there is in it which has won so much Christian admiration and entitles it to so much praise. I answer, it is found in her sincerity, purity and unconquerable faith. She

believed God and believed every word of God. It is found in her abundant Scriptural knoweldge qualifying her to believe intelligently; in her knoweldge of persons acquired by habits of close observation; her knoweldge of history and the natural sciences, and her general acquaintance with literature. These accomplishments united to the most modest demeanor, rendered her a woman of note and a Christian for whom any community, church or age might have been grateful. It is not mine to estimate her worth or paint her character. The homage which I bear her makes all praise seem tame. No words of mine can portray the excellencies which I attribute her. I leave therefore, the work of determining her great moral and Christian worth to more competent and less partial judges. To be permitted to wreathe any name with such garlands as are brought by the learned, the eloquent and the honored whose names adorn this book, is sufficient privilege to me. Her earthly fame I entrust to their keeping and through them to posterity. She enjoyed the testimony while on earth that her works pleased God and to Him who was her solace and stay in life, and her rod and staff in death; who gave her those shining qualities of head and heart, and preserved her to a life of usefullness, I commend not in hopeless sorrow but in hope of a glorious reunion her immortal and unburdened soul.

My task is done. I lay the tribute humble as it is,

and as I feel it is, upon the fresh grave of my departed mother. May her example, her words, her suffering, her triumph, serve as happy angels, calling us to a higher and holier life, and to that reward which awaits on the other side the gates. Hear her words when entering death's vale: "The gates are hard to open, but there's *glory on the other side!* Glory on the other side! And hard as it may have seemed to open the gates when at some distance, I doubt not as she drew near them that they opened of their own accord!

REMINISCENCE

OF THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

Mrs. Rebecca Steward,

BY

BISHOP JABEZ P. CAMPBELL, D. D.

Mrs. Rebecca Steward, wife of James Steward, was the daughter of Benjamin and Phoebe Gould, of Bridgeton, Cumberland County, N. J. She was born May 2d, 1820. Her father, Benjamin Gould, was the son of Abijah Gould, whose father's name was Benjamin, who was either the son or grandson of Elizabeth, a granddaughter of Sir John Fenwick, one of the proprietors of New Jersey in its early colonial times.

Rebecca, the subject of this sketch, was married to James Steward in 1838, by the Rev. Vansant, of the M. E. Church.

The fruit of this marriage were six children; a boy and a girl alternately, all of whom are now living.

The early educational advantages of Mrs. Steward were those afforded by the township school. Here she became a good English scholar, and supplemented the instruction, thus received, by extensive reading; so that she became proficient, both as a writer and a conversationalist.

She was converted and joined the A. M. E. Church, at Gouldtown, in 1846.

In 1869 commenced her physical suffering, which, at times was so acute, as to carry her to the very portal of the grave. What she said upon religious subjects was of the most earnest character. When her children were even very young, it was her usual custom to read to them from the Bible such portions as would impress upon their minds the divine lessons of this Holy Book; and instil into their plastic hearts, "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" and, after thus reading and explaining, she would kneel with them and plead with God to guide them by His heavenly Light!

One evening, in the midst of these devout exercises, and while asking God for His guidance, her husband entered the room, and then and there, for the first time, bowed in prayer with his family.

But a short time after this occurrence, her husband and Mr. Abel Lee, the father of President Lee, of

Wilberforce University, were both converted and united with the Church.

Lamartine relates in his opening chapter of his "Voyage to the Holy Land," that the desire, to make the journey, was awakened in his mind by his mother's Bible lessons. He stated that his reward for a good lesson, was to be permitted to see the pictures of an illustrated Bible, and hear from his good mother's lips the history and explanations of these pictures. Is it necessary to be said, that we can see the effect of Rebecca Steward's Bible lessons upon the minds of her children, in giving them an impulse to seek for things divine?

From 1869 to 1872, two of her sons were in the South, one in Georgia and the other in Florida, viz.: William and Theophilus (Rev. T. G. Steward). They visited the paternal roof once a year. When their visit had terminated, and they were about to depart, she would bid them adieu with cheerful words, and an invocation to heaven to bless them; she would urge them back to their posts of duty, beseeching them to be pious men, and in all things labor for the honor and glory of God, and be not dismayed if a messenger should come to them, saying: "*Mother is done suffering.*" She would say: "The Good Man" would keep her safely and take her home in His own good time.

The premonition of a sudden death was constantly before her; but this was no evidence that it created

fear; for she was on a Rock. A few evenings previous to her death, she said, with a tender smile: "Children, you will look for me in the morning, but mother will not be here." She was fully prepared to meet Death, but he came not then. A few days after this she was seized with such violent spasms as to destroy consciousness; but, when the spasms had passed, and her consciousness had returned, and observing that her husband and the children, who were at her bedside, were sore distressed, and that her husband had telegraphed to New York for Theophilus, and to Philadelphia for William, the latter a clerk in the A. M. E. Book Room, and the former had just closed his Pastorate of the Bridge St. A. M. E. Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., she chided her husband, by saying, that it was not worth while to worry and distress them. Then, after telling her husband to meet her in heaven, she expired in the arms of her oldest daughter.

Taine, whose illustrations of individual or natural characteristics have been unequalled, has said, with much force, that behind the fossil there was an animal, and that behind the old, faded manuscript there was a man; and we know the man and his peculiarities from the manuscript. For such axiomatic expressions as these, Taine has been applauded by the most learned of every land. Yet, to a Bible reader,

axioms as forcible as Taine's, stand conspicuous throughout the sacred pages.

A man is known by his works. "Do we gather figs from thistles?" "Can an impure fountain send forth sweet water?" are Bible axioms.

We have been led to the above digression from the facts related to us; because, behind these facts, we shall show there existed no ordinary woman. Though descended from what might be claimed as the aristocracy of one of the original thirteen States, a State as proud of its ancestry as the most pretentious, she assumed no aristocratic prerogatives; but, among the humblest, still showed herself to be a Christian woman, in the full significance of these words; and, if she claimed homage, it was conceded to her spontaneously by the right of her mental adornments and the graces of an unsullied Christian life. Here mankind are beginning, though late, to concede all the distinctive traits of preeminence.

Rebecca Steward was a woman of extraordinary ability, and possessed some of the most excellent qualities of both heart and mind. Eulogy will not appear to be exaggeration, when pronounced in the presence of those who knew her; and they will unanimously declare, that she feared God and loved her race. None were her superiors, and few were her equals. She was not influenced by the arbitrary rules conceived in prejudice of caste or race; her

sympathies were as wide as humanity, and as uncontaminated as a child's; her sympathies were guided by her judgements, and her judgements were made clear by the teachings of the hand of God, and not warped by the infections of exclusiveness. Gifted with a mind of ceaseless activity, comprehensive observation, and the most placid reflection, she yet possessed a head whose capacious breadth could feel the pulsations of an humble heart. In whatever class, or position, or society she was cast, she was equally at home; with the refined and intellectual, she ranked their peer; to the ignorant, poor, and lowly, she was a helping hand, and a guiding voice to a higher life. Her conversations were distinguished by freedom of language and the appropriate words in which she clothed her thoughts. She shunned the stilted words of the pedant as she conversed to communicate thoughts and principles. She did not read to treasure ideas and sentiments for her own selfish, personal or mental amusements, but she read and thought, that she might communicate to others that which she read; and thus, here and there, plant a seed, whose unending product could be estimated alone before the throne of God. She was generous with her thoughts as with her means; and they who needed either, received freely and liberally, as she herself had received most liberally from the bounteous Giver.

Charlotte Brunte is often cited as an example of

how much can be accomplished by the mind, even when the body is afflicted.

Rebecca Steward inherited a delicate constitution; but, notwithstanding, the superiority of her intellect so husbanded the physical strength, as to enable her in her mental achievements to compensate for a weak body. Her mind seized upon thoughts with marvelous facility; and religious thoughts were the permeating influence that flowed continually through her life. Her influence has been left upon all who came in contact with her; and her influences were constantly on the side of her divine Master, from whose inspired Book she drew the web and woof of her most remarkable and impressive conversations; and she seemed to have relied implicitly upon the words: "*Open thy mouth and I will fill it.*" Unassuming in all she did; free to give expression to her thoughts; steadfast in faith; with such an abundance of those qualities that adorn humanity, that we cannot enumerate them; she was one of those of whom the world is not worthy; and therefore, God took her from the evil to come.

Dear reader, in the life and character of this beloved Christian woman, we have a most happy illustration of Christian faith and practice.

In it all the Christian graces are seen to shine most conspicuously. I repeat, in her life the Christian graces of faith, hope and charity, or the love of God

and humanity, had a most happy illustration.

Go thou and do likewise, and God shall reward thee as He rewarded her.

May the grace of God enable thee so to do, is the prayer of thy friend and brother,

JABEZ P. CAMPBELL.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,
AUGUST 20TH, 1877.

MY RECOLLECTIONS

OF

Rebecca Steward,

BY

PROFESSOR B. F. LEE,

President of Wilberforce University.

Among the persons earliest and dearest in my recollections is she, whose name stands at the head of this article.

In my childhood, I associated her with my highest ideas of perfection; in my youth, I looked upon her as one especially interested in my well-being and well-doing; in my manhood I knew her to be a devoted Christian, who was always anxious for all men to know Christ and to keep His commandments, and I never thought otherwise than that she was praying for my success. This has often stimulated me to perseverence and hope in good works, while it has kept me from many snares.

My aunt had an aptness in dealing with and managing children, which made them feel easy in her presence; rendered her instructions impressive, her society agreeable, her manners attractive, and her authority respectable to them.

She possessed a form, general appearance and features, which would have given grace and honor to any position ever filled by woman; while she possessed a native intellect, which had reached that state of culture in which human life appears to best advantage, and which, had she sought it, would have admitted her to the higher circles of life.

Her ideas of life and things were clear, reasonable and definite; while her appreciation of the worth and object of life was highly philosophic and Christian. She always breathed the purest atmosphere her circumstances and state admitted. It seemed to me that no one could soar higher upon the strength of similar conditions than she. It is one of the finest points in the philosophy of life, to know where to place the lever in order to gain the greatest advantage of the weight, this she seemed to me to nearly always know, and, consequently to carry the burdens of life with comparative ease.

When I was left at ten years of age an orphan, she gave me many items of advice and encouragement, which were as precious ointment to my soul; when I lay on what I supposed was a death bed, she knew how

to talk with me and how to pray for me, so as to impress me with her sympathy for me and true faith in God. I can never forget those days of my fearful looking for the messenger, death, when I was without hope and God in the world. My dear aunt would say to me, when the physician thought I would hardly recover: "Frank, I think you will get well. I believe God has a great work for you. I can see it. He will raise you up if you will only trust Him." Then she would bring duty right to my heart, urge me to trust, faith, and repentance towards God. How well I remember her asking, with the tears streaming down her cheeks: "Now, Frank, can't you see Jesus in this?" the blessed *word* which she had been reading. "Can't you look right to him and live?" Then, after it pleased God to allow me to get well, she never forgot me, but always urged me to give myself up to Christ, pointing out to me the narrow escape which I had made, praying and agonizing with me; so that to-day, whatever I am for humanity and God, I owe largely to that sainted woman, as God's instrument.

At the head of the domestic circle, with my uncle, she appeared to have a clear and high notion of home economy. Her house was a house of order, pleasure, books, the Bible, religion, and prayer. Every member of her family was taught that noble and divine idea of liberty in love. The erring were made to feel the weight of guilt keenly, and the force of love

deeply. The well disposed were not flattered to ruin, but urged to grace. She reared her children for heaven and God. If any of them should fail to enjoy the end of her life in their behalf, she will still have her reward.

In a letter to me, immediately subsequent to the marriage of her youngest child, she said: "I have raised a family of six children. I had long set up in my house an altar to God to which we all came, but now, thank God, we have seven altars set up to Him." How great must have been the satisfaction of seeing every one of her children not only settled in life, but given to God. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is well verified in this case.

There was an air of grace and light in her house, which no one could fail to observe, after a very short residence in her family. Discussion of general topics was free and intelligent. Happy expressions showed that their source was happy hearts.

The books on her shelves, though not so numerous as in many houses, yet were of the best and from the finest authors. I infer, though I never heard her say so, that Burns was one of her favorites among the poets.

In social life my aunt had few superiors. She took a broad view of the state and wants of her community, and was, therefore, one of its leading and

most useful members. Her opinions, with regard to matters of general interest, were highly respected, and her advice often sought.

While she was earnestly and plainly Christian in all her thoughts and actions, yet she was not of a sad temperament. This made her able to direct the thoughts of others in the proper way.

In the church she was for the last twenty-five years of her life an abiding and faithful Christian. I have never met with any one who had clearer views of the life and work of faith. Some of the most comfortable, consoling, and impressive conversations I have ever had with Christians, ministers not excepted, have been with her. Her experience was rich, because she had cherished it as from God. The latter part of her life was attended with great suffering, yet she would not complain, but was made perfect through suffering and allowing patience to have its perfect work. She had learned how to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

I have made it a rule for ten or twelve years to write to my aunt as soon as I returned home from watch-meetings. In this correspondence she has given me much advice and encouragement in the walks of Christianity; telling me of her own experience in suffering and trusting, in the true spirit of Christian heroism, always expressing herself as only awaiting the Lord's call. These letters have

been to me as angel's whispers, as heavenly messengers, telling me how to live, how to wait and trust, and I might add, showing me how to die unto the world daily.

With reference to the doctrine of holiness of heart, in my opinion, she was perfectly clear, practical, and scriptural. By practical, I mean in experience and in practice. Her utter rejection of *human* perfection, but full faith in *Christian* perfection, I think in perfect keeping with the teachings of the holy Scriptures. She knew the truth, and the truth made her free.

I have never heard one word of her latest testimony to the saving power of the blood of Jesus, but, without hearing this, I venture the assertion that she died rich in faith and abundantly sustained by grace. O how sweetly, years before she died, have I heard her repeat the consoling words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth!" (O, these blessed words! more than all the words addressed to the human hearts by all religions outside of ours), and "I am striving to make my calling and elections sure," "I am pressing towards the mark," etc. These added to what I know of her life, are enough to assure me of her safe passage over the dark stream.

In the loss of her, Gouldtown has lost one of its stays and guides; the world, an eminent woman, one of its greatest, because one of its best, and the church one of its most valiant soldiers.

As for myself, I feel to weep with her children in the loss of a spiritual mother, as well as a beloved and highly respected aunt. Let her memory be dear to us, and her exemplary life be to us one of those lights which illuminate the path of the just, "shining more and more, until the perfect day."

With my grandmother, my aunt Tamson, my own dear father, and the millions of sainted dead, let her body rest and her soul enjoy the eternal bliss of *the promises* and the God of the promises.

Mrs. Rebecca Steward

BY

BENJ. T. TANNER, D.D.

Exactly when or where the writer first made the acquaintance of the subject of this memoir, is forgotten; but he deems himself exceedingly fortunate in the fact itself. To know Rebecca Steward *now*, may not seem much; but in after years, when the real greatness of her character will have become known, as we doubt not it will, to have known her, will be accounted a most happy incident in one's life.

It is so easy to talk of personal greatness, when the fact is, the truly great are as rare as purest diamond. Not one in a thousand approach it; not one in ten thousand attain to it, or, more properly speaking, possess it—for it is a thing of possession, rather than of acquirement. Be it born in you, you have it. If not, not. For while there may be a tide in the affairs of men, which lead on to "fortune," there is no such tide to a greatness that is real.

Of the few really great souls whom it has been our privilege to know, Mrs. Rebecca Steward was the peer of any. In a very broad sense she was a great woman. As a daughter she was great in dutiful affection; as a sister, in the very broadest sympathy; as a wife, in her incomparable fidelity; and as a mother, in a patience that knew no bounds.

It need not, however, be expected, that any stranger could sound the depth of her nature, in the above mentioned spheres. The qualities we have presumed to mention, were those that floated upon the surface of her life, and, like sweetest water lily, must need attract the attention of the passer by.

It is as a friend and as a member of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, that the writer himself knew her, and in both which spheres she was eminently great. So vivid, indeed, are the remembrances of the friendship that existed between her and ours, in view of her sudden demise, we find most pertinent the words of Montgomery:

> "Friend after friend departs,
> Who hath not lost a friend?
> There is no union here of hearts
> That finds not here an end;
> Were the frail world our only rest,
> Living or dying, none were blest."

When the sad announcement of her death was made at our own dear fireside, "Dead! Dead, Papa!"

were the only words that first passed from lip to lip, while a silence ensued that was painful.

But the real greatness of soul we purpose noticing, was that that evidenced itself in regard to the Church of her choice. A more zealous *African* Methodist never lived. She had convictions in regard to the work and the economy of the Church organized by Allen, and these shaped her every course in life. Nothing could turn her against the organization itself. Her love towards it was proof against episcopal misjudgment or pastoral insufficiency. She looked from men to principles. Though exceedingly intelligent, she shrank not back from identifying herself with a class, known to be generally ignorant. Well to do in the affairs of this world, she was content to remain as the equal of the poor. And lastly, it might be in place to mention a peculiarity of the locality in which this very attachment to a despised Church was evidenced. The reader of this volumn will already have learned that Gouldtown, N. J., is a peculiar place. Of descent in blood by no means low, and of the strongest Presbyterian proclivities, the Goulds have ever been thought exceedingly *conservative*—utterly free from that fire which many suppose to be the substance of Methodism. Upon the correctness of this thought it is no intention of ours to pronounce. Sufficient is it to say, that the general bearing of the community, secular and spiritual, is in keeping with

their recognized descent and religious bias. Such being the case, the wonder is that they should have maintained their identity with the *African* Methodist Episcopal Church. Nor is it certain that they would, had it not been for the uncompromising zeal of the subject of this volume, who ever stood like a very breakwater in its defence.

When we call to mind the scores of our people who have left us, on account of our ignorance, our poverty, and our color, the fidelity of Rebecca Steward is but an indication of that greatness of soul with which we credit her, and which is yet to be the admiration of generations unborn.

From our heart we say:

"*Requiescat in pace.*"

Mrs. Rebecca Steward

BY

REV. T. GOULD.

WHAT I have to say is after thirty years' observation, to say nothing of my early boyhood days, when I used to visit her house with my father, who esteemed her as his own daughter and her husband as his own son. To me they both seemed as elder brother and sister.

It appears to me that I can remember when I knew but little difference between her husband and my own brothers. He being the oldest and the first married out of the household, to me it was my oldest brother getting married, and I was wonderfully well pleased with his wife.

When father would say "Theodore, I guess we will go and see James and Beckie to-day," it was a grand treat for me, for I knew, boy like, I was going to get something good to eat. Father having lost his eye-sight, of course some one must lead him, and this was my

lot, and I have many a time heard her read the news and books of interest to him. To visit them was pleasant to him to the day of his death. Although he lived to have eight children married, (four boys and four girls), I do not think he had a son-in-law or a daughter-in-law whom he esteemed higher than he did the boy who spent fifteen or sixteen years under his roof and the lady of his choice. In 1846 I united with the church of which she was a member, and from that time to the day of her death, I looked up to her for that advice and counsel which had much to do with shaping my early life. And if I have been worth anything to the church as a minister, her prayers, instructions and counsel have helped to mould me into what I am.

I shall ever thank God for permitting me to have the association of this Christian woman, whose very breath seemed to be perfumed with the odor of heaven, for her daily food was God's word.

She was a Bible student; and in the Bible history was so well informed and upon all the cardinal points of Bible doctrine, and the current or popular questions of the day, that a very eminent and learned bishop said to me several years ago after paying her a short visit, "No one can possibly spend five minutes in conversation with Sister Steward without being edified." Another intelligent minister said to me, "Sister

Steward is one of the best read women I ever had the favor of conversing with."

To the church she was a pillar. She was among the few that were found at the prayer meeting and Sabbath-school, and was always aiming to do something for the Master's cause. As a wife and mother, I can only say few husbands are favored as was her's. No woman could possibly be more interested in the welfare of her husband's business than she was. She was a helpmeet in every sense of the word to her husband. To my mind but few children among us have been favored as were her's.

I doubt not but there are many lessons now fresh in their minds which she taught them, which, if treasured up, will add to their present, future, and eternal happiness. Oh, that we had more mothers like her! whose devotion to their children would extort from their lips the words of Sister Steward. In conversing with her one day, some years since, when the children were getting pretty well grown, she exclaimed, "Oh, the souls of my children! Oh, what would I do if one of them should be lost! They are all good children, but the Saviour says, 'ye must be born again,' that is what I want; to see them converted is my constant prayer to God. Oh, it is the burden of my heart.' And more than once have we knelt in prayer together that she might enjoy the pleasure of seeing

all of her children converted. Years passed, and one by one they came in.

I had not seen her for some time, but after the usual salutations among the first things said was: "Thank God! He has let me live to see all my children converted and in the church! My prayers are answered. Thank God! The whole family is in the ark; what a happy woman I am!" It was my privilege to visit her during several severe spells of sickness. I have the first time yet to hear her murmur or complain; but I have often heard her say: "These light afflictions which are but for a moment, are working for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." "My work is patience" was a familiar word with her in affliction. To me she always seemed cheerful when she was in the furnace, and it was her lot to be often there. She has been a great sufferer, and yet, there seemed to be something in her experience that impressed me that she was keeping up a terrible fight to get the victory until her last sickness, which lasted between three and four years. She said to me one day during that period: "Thank God, I have got where I have long desired to be; that is, where I can trust God for all things." She said some of her happiest hours were spent in the sick-room.

The devotion to her aged and infirm mother, who had been confined to her room for twenty-six years, with but little exception, was marked and intense.

When her health and circumstances would permit, she has walked the mile, between her house and her mother's, back and forth, two and three times a week, to assist in making her mother comfortable. It appears that a wonderful providence was attending her life, and preparing her to depart to that Better Land. It seems that the Master was sparing her to see her mother of ninety years close her eyes before He called her to that blessed reward with that sainted mother, who went three weeks before her, and a dear sister, who had gone a day before her mother. Oh, what a blessed meeting there must have been, when they met in that heavenly land; where affliction and sorrow are all over, and where the dead in Christ rest from their labors and their works follow them!

Aunt Rebecca Steward

BY

MRS. ELIZABETH LLOYD.

(NIECE.)

I cannot remember the time when I did not love and revere Aunt Rebecca; but my most precious remembrances of her are connected with the sabbath school, where, to my mind, she was incomparable; and even now, after the lapse of twenty-five years, the precious lessons that she taught her class are still in my mind and heart, and have greatly influenced my life and kept me from forbidden paths. You must know, as long as I attended Gouldtown Sunday School, which was from the reorganization of the school (which, under God, was wholly through Aunt Rebecca's influence), I was a member of her class.

There was one lesson that she used frequently give us, from the second chapter of first Peter, it seems to me, that I shall ever remember. With what earnestness and with what solemnity did she strive to enforce

its beautiful teachings upon our hearts. Again I remember one particular lesson she gave personally to me, and, as I remember it well yet, it must prove how faithful she was in teaching. Among her very words were: "*Search the Scriptures, and may they make you wise unto salvation! May they be a guide to your feet and a light to your path, and may your sins be blotted out!*" Very likely Aunt Rebecca had forgotten it long since, but I never have. When I was fifteen years of age, I was strongly exercised in mind about salvation, and it was Aunt Rebecca who helped me then; and ever since, in my somewhat chequered life, my heart has always turned to her, and, I must say, that never once have I left her presence without feeling better, stronger, and wiser. She was a kind of inspiration to me. I have gone to her when I have felt that I was in the depths, and have left, feeling as if I could brave all things, and endure all things for the love of Christ. I have been so comforted by her words of wisdom and encouragement, and, sometimes, by her words of reproof also; for she never failed in her gentle, sweet, and yet decided manner in telling me wherein she thought I was wrong, for which to-day I thank her. In one instance, I went to her, overwhelmed with my sorrow, and ready to despair; she reflected a while, and then asked: If I had ever prayed for C——? I found that I never had. She showed me my duty in such a plain way, and said,

that if I prayed for him, that I would not have such bitter feelings; and how earnestly she entreated me to begin praying for him. Among the words she used, were: "You could not bear to see that man lost, cut off from Christ forever. Think of the relationship he holds to yourself and your children. *You must pray for him!*" This was four years ago, but the seed, that was sown that day, is still bearing fruit, and I have been blessed myself while praying for *him.* * * * * I now know that she had been taught of Christ. When I lost my little girl, Annie, though she was unable to walk without a staff, like an angel of mercy, she came to me in my sorrow, and prayed and talked with me, and now, my more than aunt, my almost mother, who, or what will fill your place to me? With tears in my eyes, and pain in my heart, I ask who? Ever since I can remember, I have gone to you with what I could not go to any one else; always sure of a loving welcome, and always the gainer, through your words of wisdom! Oh! how I loved Aunt Rebecca! I remember, when she was confined to her room so long, of her once saying to me, that she often prayed for me. I was overcome to tears, thinking how good, how charitable she was, to remember me in her afflictions. That parlor seemed to me then, and has ever since, like the gate of heaven and house of prayer. When I think of my dear aunt's goodness, and of her truly

noble womanhood, of her grand intellect, and, withal, of her sweet humility, of her perfect faith and trust, and obedience to the Father's will, and of how she labored for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom, I can but say: "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." She never lost an opportunity of saying a word for Jesus, and no one ever came near her influence, without knowing, that she had learned of Christ. I never remember of asking for instruction of her, upon any subject, without getting it; and I have heard many others say the same. It seemed to me, that she always had a word in season. She was certainly the most self-sacrificing of any woman that I ever knew. She was always willing to do good, no matter at what expense to the body, if she could; and, it seemed to me, that she was always looking for an opportunity.

In the purity and loftiness, and expansiveness of her nature, there was no room for that narrow-minded selfishness, which cannot rejoice with those that do rejoice. Of her it can be truly said: SHE LOVED HER NEIGHBOR AS HERSELF; and she was pleased with the advancement of every one.

As long, and as well as I have known her, I have never known her to speak of the shortcomings of others, only, in what seems to me, as the highest and broadest charity of a pure-minded christian woman, with sorrow and regret that they had so failed.

Another admirable trait was her straightforwardness. Her clear insight, that seemed to grasp and hold the most difficult truths, while the rest of us were struggling with doubts and fears, scarcely telling gold from dross, led her to seize always the pure gold.

Truly, she was ever ready for every good word and labor of love. I call to mind deeds of charity, of which the world knows nothing, which greatly benefitted the recipients; and her ever ready sympathies with the wants and woes of others, assures me, that she won the approbation of Him, who said: "Inasmuch, as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my disciples, ye have done it unto me."

Dear cousin, there may be many more learned and eloquent tributes paid to your mother's memory, but none can be more loving than mine; and, if you will permit this letter (crude I know, for I am not accustomed to writing out my thoughts), to share a place among them, I shall feel honored.

Your cousin,

LIB.

PART II.

Containing: "Two Years on the Brink of Jordan," with Letters on Sanctification and a Story for Little Folks; the last named written expressly for Two Little Nephews,

BY

MRS. REBECCA STEWARD.

TWO YEARS ON THE BRINK OF JORDAN.

EARLY one spring morning, as I was going about my work, a messenger arrived, saying my Father wanted me. So I made haste and finished up all my work, looked over my wardrobe, picked out and packed up such articles as I thought I should need, and started on my journey, my guide going on before. We had not traveled far before we came to a broad, dark river, whose waters at the time were very much swollen. My guide said, I would have to wait awhile till a ferry-boat could come and take me across; so I sat down on the bank of the river and began musing. The river, though so dark and swollen, did not look so dreary,

for my guide had given me a telescope, through which I could look away beyond and see my Father's House, which was illuminated with glory and light; and the light from that far mansion shone over the river and the dark valley all around. While I sat there musing, the boat came, but not for me; there were other friends there, the Father had sent for before me; but he sent me this comforting message: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and my soul answered: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes." (Job iv., 14.) And so for many days I sat there waiting and musing; again and again the boat came and went, friend after friend passed over, but still the message came not for me. At length I began to grow weary and impatient; to neglect my Father's business; saying my Lord delays his coming; then came this quiet reproval: "Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." "For yet a little while and He that is to come will come and will not tarry." (Heb. ix., 36, 37.) After this gentle reproof, I felt ashamed and strove to humble myself under the mighty hand of God, and in due time He did build me up, for my guide advised me to take my telescope and take another look towards my Father's House. I did so, and the sight gave me new vigor, for I could see all the surroundings of my Home. I could see its beautiful gardens, all its choicest fruit and its sweetest

flowers; and flowing through the midst of the garden I could see the "pure river" of the "Water of Life," which watered and enlivened every plant that grew in the garden; and on either side of the river stood the "Tree of life," "which bore twelve manner of fruit, and yielded her fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree were good for the healing of the nations;" then there was the sweet Lilly of the Valley, in its humble innocence sending up its rich perfume; then the "Rose of Sharon" was there, whose odor filled the air with sweetness, and the Birds of Paradise were there,—those sweet little songsters that the Father had brought from the cold, sterile regions beyond Jordan, and placed in His beautiful garden. They were busily flitting from branch to branch, warbling forth their sweetest notes, and making the air resound with their music. Some of them I thought I almost knew, by the mark of their feathers. As I sat gazing, the river that before had been so swollen, seemed to subside and become very narrow, and seemed as if I had nothing to do, but get up and walk across; but my guide detained me, saying: "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall in due time eat the good of the land, but if disobedient, the sword of the enemy shall devour you."

Being still detained and feeling somewhat weary, "I laid me down and slept, and awoke again, for the

Lord sustained me." On awaking, I took up my telescope to take another look across, but I only had it adjusted to my eye, when I again discovered the ferry-boat in the distance. This time I thought surely it was coming for me, and began to look around and make all things ready for departure; but again I was doomed to disappointment. The boat came, but not for me this time either; another friend must go before me, one whom the Father thought more weak and needy than I. And as He saw me begin to grieve and fret, He sent me another comforting message, saying: "I will not leave the comfortless, in the sixth trial; and in the seventh, I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." Then again my soul replied, I will fear no evil; in God alone will I put my trust. When I found I had to wait awhile longer, I thought I would look around on this side of Jordan, for I had been so anxious to get home to my Father's House, and so busy looking beyond, that I had not noticed anything on this side so much; and in the glory of light that beamed across the river, I had not noticed the poisonous flowers that spread their baneful influence over all the land, or the muddy, filthy pools, sending up their miasmatic odors, poisoning the air; and while I was looking, with shame let me say it, poisonous as were those flowers, noxious as was the vapor from the pools, I began to be interested in them, and to seek after them; so much so, that my guide said softly in my ear: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter

into temptation." (Matt. xxvi., 41.) But I was so engrossed with the flowers, and the whisper came so softly, that I did not heed it, but kept on going farther away from the river, losing sight more and more of my Father's House. Again my guide called after me, but this time in louder tones: "Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." (Matt. xxvi., 24.) But still, strange as it may seem, and as ungrateful as it appears after the pleasant view I had had of my Father's House, and the soothing promises he had given me, such is perverse human nature, that I paid but little heed, but still wandered on, plucking flowers, now here, now there, 'till I had gone quite away; but still my loving Father would not leave me, "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and on looking up I saw my guide approaching with a rod, which, when he came near enough, he laid heavily about me. Humbled, ashamed and bleeding, he brought me back and laid me exhausted on the bank, where I lay for many days without power to move or courage to look up. Although I had been so disobedient, yet was my guide most assiduous in his attentions and care of me, saying: "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons, for what son is he whom the Father chasteneth not. (Heb. xii., 70.) And as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that love him, for he knows our frame that we are but dust:

(Ps. clxxxiii, 13.) It sorely repented me, and with the Psalmist I exclaimed: "My feet were almost gone, my steps were well nigh slipped." (Ps. lviii, 2) Then I began to cry mightily unto the Lord for help, and from His temple He heard me, and from His Holy Hill He sent me succor. And I was comforted by this message: "Before thou callest I will hear thee, and while thou art yet speaking, I will answer thee." Being thus comforted and somewhat strengthened, my guide advised me to take up my telescope again and take another look across the river. It had been so long since I had looked across, he thought it would do me good, and so it did; for as I looked the green shores appeared so pleasant and inviting to me, it made me feel at once like passing over, and while I was gazing I saw the boat again leave the shore; this time I thought it would certainly come for me. Again I gathered up my things making ready to depart, and many friends gathered around me, mourning and weeping, begging me not to go, but stay with them; yet I was anxious to be gone. Many were the petitions that went over to my Father's House to spare me a little longer, that "they could not do without me;" in this I could not join them. I could only say: "Lord let thy will be done." Meanwhile the boat came nearer and nearer, and I lay looking, both hoping and fearing; hoping it was coming for me, and fearing it was coming for me; for like the apostle I was in a strait betwixt

two: "for me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." (Phil. vii., 21-23.) And I suppose that the prayers of tender friends must have prevailed, for when the boat drew nearer, I found it was not coming for me yet, but I received this message: "Let Patience have her perfect work that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. (James, i., 4.) From this I saw that Patience was to be my best friend and I tried to take her close to my bosom, and my heart breathed the prayer: "Lord help me with Patience to do all thy righteous will concerning me," and, as I sat there, with Patience for my comforter, I grew calm and composed and began to wonder what had become of the boat I had seen approaching, when, on looking around, I saw it had stopped close by an old friend that had been laying there for a long time; almost ever since I had been there, and, while I looked, I saw her with a shout spring up and step quickly into the boat. Oh! with what rapture I gazed; and when the boat struck out from the shore I could hardly contain myself, I felt I really must go too. But Patience laid her hand on me, and whispered to me, to take my telescope and look after them; and, as I looked, the boat sprang from the shore with great velocity; the river seemed to become narrower, and the light from my Father's Temple so illuminated it, that the darkness had all fled away; and, as I gazed, my vision became brighter and

brighter, and my telescope became more powerful, and it seemed, I might follow the boat with my naked eye, as it sped its way across, until it neared the other shore; and, as it neared the shore, I saw the pearly gates of my Father's House fly open, a company came out to meet her, with songs of welcome, saying: "Come ye, blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." (Math. xxv., 34.) So they took hold of her and led her in through the gates; and, as they went through, I could hear the warbling of the birds amidst the rustling of the leaves, and could see the waving grass and sweet flowers, and the waters rippling along their winding way. As I looked, I really thought there were more birds than I had ever seen before; and I never heard them sing so sweetly. As I gazed upon the shining ones, I tried to see if I could recognize any of them; and I thought I could see several whose faces were familiar to me there, and with whom I had associated; and, while I was still looking, they led her into the vestry; then I lost sight of her awhile; but, presently, they brought her forth clothed in white linen, pure and clean, and a palm of victory was placed in her hand; then I saw a greater number come to meet her, and they all joined in one mighty overpowering song, saying: "Salvation to our God, who sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb." (Rev. vii., 10.)

As I heard this, my heart felt like bursting with rapture. O! how I longed to be there! Just then the pearly gates swung to, and I could see them no more. When I could see no more within, I thought I would take a look around and view the holy ground, and "mark well her bulwarks." So I looked well around her walls, and measured her towers, which I found to be very strong, so that no enemy could prevail against them; and her walls were great and high, and I found they lay four-square and rested on twelve foundations, all of them precious stones, and on each foundation there was a name written, which, when I had looked more closely, I found to be the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel; and in each wall I saw there were three gates, and on the gates I saw the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb; and, as I still looked, I saw numbers coming and entering in at the gates, from all parts of the world, East, West, North, and South; every gate seemed in use, and with every new arrival there were new songs of praise. As I still looked, I discovered, that all that went over, did not enter the pearly gates; but, instead, some were hurled over a dreadful precipice, which lay just below the wall, and led to a dark, dreary gulf below, where the voice of their groanings was dreadful to hear. Then I asked: "Who are these?" And my guide informed me: "These are they that go away into everlasting punishment, and

the smoke of their torment ascends up forever and ever." And now my guide thought I had seen quite enough for awhile, and so had better lie down and rest; musing on these words: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love Him."

While wondering what more could be for the child of God, than that which my eyes had already seen, I fell asleep; When I awoke, everything looked calm and bright around me; so I thought, with Patience, I would take a stroll along the banks, and see if there were any friends there whom I knew; for I saw many had gathered there unobserved, while I had been so deeply interested in what was going on, on the other side of the river. As I went around from one to another, I found several I was acquainted with; some had been waiting for a long time, others had just arrived. Some were waiting with patience, others were growing very impatient. To while away the time, and for mutual encouragement, I sat down, and entered into conversation with some of them. "For as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the face of his friend." Some had grown very weary, and one said: "I would have fainted, unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living; and now I believe, that ere long I shall see the King in his beauty, for I have the promise, that He,

that is to come, will come, and will not tarry. And my Father's command is: Wait on the Lord, be of good courage; and also the promise: And He shall strengthen thine heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

With this I felt very much encouraged, and felt as if I too could "Wait on the Lord." Much more encouragement from one and another I found, till presently I saw one coming up in great haste, saying: "My Father has just sent for me in great haste, and I must be gone. Have you seen the boat that takes us across?" I looked up and saw it coming, and, while waiting for it to come to the shore, I asked her at what time the messenger came for her. "In the early part of the evening," she said, just as she had folded away all her work, and closed up her house, and had sit down, to enjoy a long, quiet evening, thinking over those texts of warning: "Let your loins be girded about you, and your lights burning." Another: "Be ye also ready; for in an hour, when you think not, the Son of man cometh." And said she: Just while I was musing on these things, there came a knock at the door, and the messenger came in, saying: "The Master calleth for thee;" so I left all and made great haste to get here. The boat then came alongside; she sprang in, and it shot off from the shore like an arrow. Again I felt as if I *could* not be left behind; and, feeling so anxious to go, I almost sprang into the water; for the river looked so

narrow, and I could see the bottom so plain; it seemed as if I could walk across; but Patience laid hold of me and gently held me back, saying: "Wait on the Lord, that the trial of your faith being much more precious than of gold, that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."

But I still felt so homesick and complaining, that my friend had almost gained the other side, before I had observed it; so, then, I thought, if I could not go, I could see across, and with my telescope I could follow her and see her enter the pearly gates; by this time she had reached the shore, and I saw a great company come out to meet her, having harps in their hands; among them were several that I knew, who had journeyed with us through life, whom I had heard many times tell their hopes and fears; but, now, they were safely housed in their Father's mansion, never more to go out. As they came to her they commenced chanting: "Blessed are they that do his commandments; that they may have a right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the City."

As they led her through the gates, I again heard the singing of birds; it seemed to me, at this time, they sang louder and sweeter than ever. And

amongst them I saw three,* that I thought looked more bright and cheerful than the rest. These kept all the time very near her, sometimes sitting on her shoulders, sometimes in one place, then another; but all the time keeping near her, and expressing the utmost joy. On examining more closely, I found they were some pets that she had sent to her Father several years before; and now they led her into the vestry; and, while they were robing her, as the gates were still ajar, I thought I would look further within. So, by readjusting my telescope, and increasing its magnifying power, I could see away beyond the walls; and I discovered there "many mansions," that my "Elder Brother" had gone many years ago to prepare, for all those that love him. I thought, "my sister will soon inhabit one of these mansions," and, how long, ere I too shall inhabit one also; and, in the anxiety and desire of my soul, I cried: "How long, oh Lord!" Then my guide whispered, reprovingly: "In patience possess ye your soul." So, being comforted, I continued my gaze, and, looking further on, I saw a great and high mountain, which, my guide told me, was Mount Zion; and a Lamb stood on the mountain, and with him a hundred and forty and four thousands, having their Father's name written in their foreheads; and I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many

* Three children that this Christian mother had buried before.

waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping on their harps; and, they sang, as it were, a new song before the throne. (Rev. xiv., 1—3.) Then I inquired of my guide who the Lamb was, and who was this great company that was with him; and he said: "The Lamb is He that was slain from the foundation of the world, and they, that are with him, are those who follow the Lamb, withersoever he goeth; these were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb." As I listened to their music, I tried to hear what they were singing; and I found they were singing the "Song of Moses, the servant of God," and the song of the Lamb, saying: "Great and marvelous are thy ways, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name, for Thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship before thee, for thy judgments are made manifest." (Rev. xv., 3, 4.)

I had become so enraptured with this beautiful sight, and so charmed with the music, that I had quite forgotten my sister; but now I bethought myself to look for her. I had not looked long, before I discovered her amidst the company of the just made perfect; and, I thought, her song was the loudest of any, as she sang: "I have come up through tribulations, and washed my robes and made them white in

the blood of the Lamb!" Oh, how I longed to be amongst the heavenly throng; but just then I heard friends calling me on this side, saying: "Oh, be content to stay with us a little longer; we cannot let you go; even lying here, we cannot do without you; even this is better than not have you at all." The little children came winding themselves around me, begging me to stay. "Oh," they would say, "we do want you to be back among us; we cannot bear you to leave us." Oh! the power of human love! How my heart was grieved! I was again in a strait betwixt two; for, indeed, I felt it better to "depart and be with Christ." But my Father knew best what he wanted me to do, so He left me the promise: "Abide in me and I will abide in you; I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." After this I entered into conversation with my guide, about my friends that had gone over; said he: "How did you know those friends?" I answered by asking him another equally important question: "How did you know the Lamb that was slain from the foundation of the world?" Said he: "I knew Him by the marks in His hands and side, (John xx., 20), and from what the angels told us when He was taken up into heaven and a cloud received him out of sight." 'This same Jesus,' said they, 'which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts i., 9.) Well, said I, that is just how I knew my

friends; by the marks on them. Some men will say: "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? Thou fool; that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die, and that, which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but are grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain, but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every *seed his own body.* There are also celestial bodies and bodies terrestial; but the glory of the celestial is one and the glory of the terrestial is another. There is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for *one star differeth from another star in glory*, so also *is the resurrection of the dead.* It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body; there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, that the first man, Adam, was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. How be it, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of earth, earthy, the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have born the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit in-

corruption. (1 Cor. xv.) Now this is the way that I know them. As the Lamb that was slain, took upon him the image of the earth, earthy, the form of a servant, so do they take upon them the image of the Lord from heaven; and, as you have shown me the Lamb, I cannot be mistaken in them, and I think when I look again, I shall find many more that I have known; for I think I know what kind of *seed* they were, and from every seed I look for its own plant. Then said my guide: "Who else do you think you will find there, besides your immediate friends?" I answered: "I think I shall see Moses and Elijah, from the fact that they were seen with my Saviour on the Mount of Transfiguration; and God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. And I think I shall see Abraham, because Christ himself says the rich man saw him with Lazarus in his bosom. And I shall see Israel, for the Revelator tells me that he saw one hundred and forty and four thousand of the children there. I shall see Solomon and David, and Samuel and Paul, and Peter, and so many others that I cannot now name, all of the one hundred and forty and four thousand of the tribes of Israel." I felt so rejoiced with the thought of meeting so many, that I could heartily join with the Poet in saying:

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away.
But let me find them all again,
In that Eternal day."

For many days more I lay there on the brink, waiting for the boatman; but still he came not. I began to think Patience was about to desert me; it seemed to me, I had so nearly lost sight of her, that I could hardly hear her voice; then I cried unto my Father: "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from me!" Then came the message: "Rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him;" this comforting, though short message, cheered me much, for it seemed to bring a sweet sense of rest and security with it; and with the Psalmist I could say: "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the Heavens, and thy faithfulness reaches into the clouds; thy righteousness is like the great mountains; thy judgments are as great deeps; Lord, thou preservest man and beast; how excellent is thy loving kindness, O God; therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wing; they shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures." I felt filled with that sweet peace that flows as a river, and enters in and fills the soul with glory and with God. As the boatman came not for me yet, I thought I would look around again and see if any new friends had gathered along the brink; and, while I was looking, I saw one coming with slow, reluctant step, as if he would rather stay on this side of Jordan than to cross over; but his guide kept urging him on with

the Father's message: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Well," said he, "I am weary and heavy laden; I have had a tiresome journey through this howling wilderness, and fain would find rest; but I have become so dirty and bedabbled through the swamps and quagmires, that I have not a garment fit to appear before Him in." The guide answered: "All that *will* come, may come and partake of the waters of life freely." Then said he: "I will arise and go to my Father." He brightened up and quickened his pace; as soon as the guide saw that he was willing to go, he sent to the servants to bring hither the best robe and put it on him; and, so neatly clad, and in his right mind, I saw him approach the "bank," and seeing he would have to wait some time for the boatman, I entered into conversation, by asking at what time the Father sent for him; he said: "Just about noon, just as I had finished up my morning's work, and thought the hardest of the day was done, and I could in the afternoon finish those little jobs that I had planned in the morning; but in the hour, I thought not, the Son of man came." "But what," I asked, "made you so reluctant to come?" "Oh," said he, "I thought the Father was angry with me; for it is written: "God is angry with the wicked every day;" but I heard another say: "He that cometh with a broken and a contrite heart, he will in no wise cast

out." I thought I would go, for I could only perish anyway, and if I tried to stay away, I knew I should perish; another said to me:

> "A broken heart He'll not despise,
> Nor on the contrite sinner frown,
> His ear is open to their cries,
> He'll quickly send salvation down."

And He did send salvation; for, when I cried mightily unto the Lord, He heard me, and from His Holy Hill He sent me help; He took me up from the mire and clay and dressed me in garments neat and clean, and has brought me in sight of my heavenly rest! Only this narrow river lies between, and I shall cross that, for I think I see the boatman coming now." With a glad shout of triumph he entered the boat and was gone. I knew the gates would be opened again, so I made haste to gather up my telescope; and again I saw the shining ones come to meet and welcome a brother to his eternal rest; and again I heard the glad shouts of welcome and praise, as they dressed him in clean, white robes, and put a crown on his head, and led him to the Father, who met him, and with His own hand wiped all tears from his eyes, telling him, he should have no more sorrow, nor crying, nor sickness, nor death, nor go any more out, neither should he thirst any more, and the sun should not light on him, nor any heat. Oh! What more, I thought, could I want to make up an eternal rest!

Just then my attention was attracted by the sound of unutterable groanings and crying, and I looked around to see what it all meant, and I saw close beside me one lying apparently in great agony. I inquired what could be the matter? Said he: "Just this morning, quite early, the Master has sent for me, and here I am; naked and barefooted; without a thing to cover me; I had a garment all washed in the blood of the Lamb. The Master provided it for me, but I thought it was too long and straight for me; so I laid it aside, and now I cannot find it; OH! HELP ME TO LOOK FOR IT!" By this time others hearing his cries had been attracted to the spot, and in piteous moans and tears he begged, he entreated them, to assist in searching for the neglected robe. All this while he lay there without making an effort to seek for it himself; and, although his friends searched with much earnestness, they could not find it. They then besought him to get up and look for it himself; but he could not be persuaded, and would continue to lie there groaning, and begging them to continue their search. Meanwhile the boatman was waiting and urging him to go, till finally he compelled him to go on board, and the boat pushed off; and immediately the river became so dark and swollen, that we lost sight of it, and we *could see it no more.* Surely, thought I, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

For many days I lay there, feeling very listless, not caring to look beyond the river, nor even to look on this side. I was just in the condition to listen to the voice of the tempter, when he whispered: "Why stay here any longer? the Lord delays his coming; He might have come sooner; it is very cruel to be lying in this dreary, loathsome place so long." And again, with shame I must confess, that after all the visions of glory I had seen, and all of my Father's goodness to me, I listened to his wily whispering, till I became almost enraged, and began to cast about me this way and that, for a way of deliverance. At one moment I would feel like going back into the wilderness, in all its filth and quagmires, and the next I would feel like rushing headlong, uncalled for, into the river; any way, it seemed to me, to get out of this murky, deathly atmosphere. For several days I was thus tempted. Oh! those were dreadful days to me! I sat in sullen silence, and would not look toward my Father's house; I would not see the light that was beaming across; would not see my Father's gracious smile; nor would I see His loving hand reached out to help me. My telescope lay beside me, but I would not take it up. But, oh! the depth of the wisdom and knowledge of God! "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" Blessed be His Holy Name. He would not leave me, nor suffer His loving kindness to

be removed from me; but in the midst of deserved wrath He remembered mercy toward me. On looking up I saw my guide coming near, saying: "Dost thou well to be angry." Hast thou not received good from the hands of the Lord, and shalt thou not receive the evil? And if thou doest well, shalt thou not dwell in the land of the living forever? For the mercy of the Lord is round about them that put their trust in Him. Though clouds and darkness may be round about Him, yet righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne." At these words the tempter left me, and Patience again resumed her seat, and commenced to soothe and tranquilize my spirit, saying: "Return unto thy rest, for the Lord has dealt bountifully with thee. Ye, that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord, for He is your help and your shield. O! forget not all His mercies." At this I felt very much humbled and sinsick; and I longed to be free from the power of sin and temptation, and earnestly I prayed the Father: "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from all evil!" And with the apostle I could exclaim: "Oh! wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? Oh, that I had the wings of a dove! Then I would fly away and be at rest." "But then," said Patience, "as you cannot go yet, you had better take your telescope and look again beyond the river." So I took it up and began to look around; first on

this side, but here, as usual, I could find no rest or abiding place; nothing but filth and stench that sickened me; but as soon as I turned my gaze toward my Father's house, I was struck with the glorious light that fell from the place; for it seemed to shine with peculiar brightness; and, as the gates were ajar, I could look full within; but I could see no sun, nor moon, nor the light of a candle; but the light was glorious, far surpassing the light of the sun at noonday. So I looked in wonder, to see from where it came. My guide said: "There is no need of the sun or of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. (Rev. xx., 2, 3.) And this is the same light that has lighted up this valley ever since the time the Lamb passed through it and fought and conquered the tempter; for it was in this valley He spent some time, and on this bank He was hard beset; here was the dreadful conflict; here it was He was hedged in as you are; here the tempter raged as he never had raged before; and Jordan swelled and roared, and overflowed her banks; such a time was never known before, since the world began; but the Lamb gained the victory; bound the enemy, subdued Jordan, and passed safely over. And all his followers have to do, is to keep in the light and they need not fear." Then the prayer arose from my heart: "Oh Lord! help me to walk in the light of thy countenance; my

times are in thy hands; deliver me from the hands of my enemies; make thy face to shine on thy servant; save me for thy mercies' sake." Then said my guide: "*Be of good cheer.*"

* *

Sanctification.

BY

MRS. R. S.

Can we be sanctified and live?

I have often heard it questioned: Can we live in a sanctified state? I ask first, is not Christ able to keep us in a sanctified state? Did God ever break a covenant that He has made? Every covenant He has made with man has been sealed with blood; and the Apostle says, without the shedding of blood is no *remission of sins.* When God made His promises to Abraham, that in his seed all the nations of the earth should be blessed, He made Abraham take an heifer of three years old, a she-goat of three years old, a ram, a turtle dove and a young pigeon, and divide them asunder, that the flowing blood might, as it were, cleanse the passage between the parts; and the Lord passing between the parts in the form of a smoking furnace and a burning lamp, swore unto Abraham that to him and his seed He would give that land forever.

Having sealed the covenant with blood, and with an oath, God was bound to keep it; and He did keep it. Although He permitted them to be severely tried and carried away from their own land into cruel bondage, and to serve under hard task-masters for many years, yet did they become a great nation, for God had said: "In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven," and "in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

When God is about bringing them out of bondage, He renews His covenant and again requires blood; but this time the blood of a perfect lamb, and the blood must be sprinkled upon the door-posts and lintels of every door, setting the inmates apart to God, or showing that God's people dwelt there; and the destroying angel passed over the land but destroyed them not, because God knew and kept them. He brought them safely out of bondage into a wilderness, and conducted them *through* the wilderness safely to the promised rest. He did not at once let then enter into that rest; but kept them in the wilderness to try them, and prove them. They were His people, sanctified to Him by the blood of the perfect lamb, and He could keep them just as well in the wilderness as in the land of Canaan. He could spread their table in the sight of their foes. When they wanted meat, He gave them quails in abundance; when they wanted bread, He sent

them manna from heaven—angels food; when they wanted water the rock contained a full supply, but must be smitten to produce it; and it sent forth a stream that followed them through all their journey, typifying the spirit of grace that accompanies the child of God through all his journey. Although they wandered forty years in the wilderness, their garments did not grow old, nor their sandals wear out. So we see that God provided for them through all their wandering and brought them to that promised rest, and according to his promise they became a great nation.

Once more, God renews the covenant He made with Abraham, or in other words fulfilled it. Here it requires again the shedding of blood, and this time it must be the precious blood of the Lord Jesus, the only begotten son of God which cleanses from all sin. If the typical blood of Abraham's heifer and Moses' lamb, could prevail with God, to the temporal salvation of man, how much more shall the precious blood of Christ prevail to the purifying and washing away of all our sins. As God gave the promise of the "seed" to Abraham, and set it apart in Israel, he has perfected it in Christ. As He kept them (His people) in the temporal wilderness through which they had to pass to get to their promised rest, so will He keep us in Christ through this wilderness of sin through which we must all pass. It is not His will to take us at once

from the world; but to keep us in the world; to help build up His kingdom in the world; for it must take perfect workmen to do perfect work.

Christ when praying for his Apostles, prayed not the Father to take them out of the world; but that He should keep them from the evil of the world. Nor need we ever look to be freed from temptation; but He will not suffer more to come upon us than He will give us grace to bear, and with every temptation will provide a way for our escape. Christ at one time said to Peter "Satan desireth to have thee, that he may sift thee as wheat;" but what follows? The wrath of God hangs over Peter, but Christ our mediator intercedes, and his soothing words are, "I have prayed the Father for thee, that thy faith fail thee not; and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." Thus we must be kept for mutual aid and for mutual comfort.

If God were to remove each one as soon as he becomes perfect in Christ, who would be left to tell transgressors the way? Or how could the kingdom of Christ flourish in the world? For the kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of our Lord and His Christ, and the sanctified Christian is the salt of the earth. Take him away, and what becomes of the world? God has use for all His perfect men and women in the world; they must be *in* the world, but not *of* the world.

It is a mistaken idea that we can be Christians and not sanctified Christians; and, as God has use for us in the world, it is very plain that He is not only able to keep us, but He will keep us, until He has finished all His righteous will concerning us; until everything is done that we can do; until we have withstood temptation at every point even as our Saviour did; until the last battle is fought and the victory won! Oh! I wish that every Christian would feel that he is a sanctified Christian, and go to work as such. Oh! that every one could feel that to-day I am a *pillar* in the temple of our God; a *living stone* in the building; instead of sitting still and dreaming: "Can I be sanctified, or when can I be sanctified." Oh! that *Christians* would awake, and look around, and see what they can do for the Master. The fields are all white for harvest. The Lord calls for laborers. Christian brothers and sisters will you not awake; will you not have faith in Christ; seeing that God hath perfected in him all that He promised in Abraham, and all that He "set apart in Israel." The Lord which made heaven and earth is thy keeper. "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber. Behold He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall

preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forever." (Psalms cxxi., 3-8). This God, O Christian, is thy God. He that spreadeth out the heavens as a cnrtain; who keepeth the stars in their courses; who causes the sun to show forth his light at morning, and the moon at evening. He that keeps all nature in its proper course year after year for so many ages, will He not keep thee through thy life's short day and bring thee to heaven at last?

As a father pitieth His children so the Lord pitieth them that love Him. The father will labor hard night and day, will make any sacrifice, will deny himself any pleasure, will travel East, West, North or South, and endure any hardships for his children's sake; and should he have a dozen or more, yet his care over them will not diminish, nor will he grow weary of his labors. "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give His holy spirit to them that ask Him." Let us then trust a Father's love, and dwell safely under the shadow of his wing and we need not fear!

"Though friends should all fail and foes all unite," we may go on firmly trusting "The Lord will provide" trusting in His everlasting arms, we shall pass safely through the wilderness of sin, and at last get safely into our Father's house, where we shall rest

from all care and sing our sufferings o'er; where sin, and sorrow, pain and death, never can enter. Being washed and cleansed in the blood of the Lamb, we shall join our voices with one accord in singing blessing and honor and wisdom and thanksgiving be unto the Lamb forever and forever.

Sanctification.

BY

MRS. R. S.

When God had finished His work of creation, He set apart the seventh day, and sanctified it to Himself. In it no one was to do any work; it was to be holy. The day in itself was like all other days; nothing different; just as long, just as short; but He chose it to himself. He chose the *whole* of it, and all of it at *once*. He did not say, half shall be yours and half mine; or, I will sanctify a part now and the rest on next seventh day; but as soon as the day dawned, *it was hallowed to the Lord.*

So in the work of redemption. Christ has finished His work; done all there is to do. He has opened the way and made it passible, and now invites all to come and find pardon; and sets the time when they should come. He says, now is the accepted time; to-day is the day of salvation; if ye hear my voice, harden not your hearts. The time is fulfilled, the

Kingdom of Heaven is at hand; repent ye and believe the Gospel.

The day of redemption has dawned. Our King has fought the mighty battle; has gained the glorious victory; has set up His Kingdom, and now invites every one to become willing subjects. And all He requires of us is simply to "repent and believe the gospel," which promises that all things shall be added unto us. We may ask for it with confidence and without fear, for it is our Father's good pleasure to give us the Kingdom.

Then repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, are the very groundwork of religion; and are more than all burnt offerings. For He taketh no delight in sacrifices and offerings, but a contrite heart is always acceptable with Him.

What is repentance but a sorrow for sin, and the forsaking of sin for our love to God. Love to God, because He first loved us. God loves us. He wills our salvation; and draws us to Him by the cords of love. We feel a sorrow in our hearts; a weariness of sin, a dread of coming vengeance; we begin to consider, and finally to ask, "What shall I do to be saved." Then comes the promise: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." What then is faith but believing in Him who was sent; believing that he came to save; believing that He is willing to save; believing that He will save; because

the Father sent Him for this purpose. Him hath the Father sanctified, and sent unto the world to save the world. Believe that He is able to save; "thou hast given Him power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him." (John xvii, 2.) Believe that He is willing. "I lay down my life for the sheep." Then, we can go to God pleading these promises, and God will *justify* us through this faith, and Christ will apply the *sanctifying blood* that seals the covenant. For, by His own blood He has entered, once for all, into the Holy place, having obtained "eternal redemption for us."

And as every law and every precept was sprinkled with blood, so has Christ sealed every promise and every covenant, with His own precious blood. Then it surely follows, we cannot believe without being justified; and we cannot be justified without being sanctified. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ," and this peace we can only have by being one in Christ and abiding in Him. It is a peace the world cannot give nor take away; a peace that subdues all evil passions, a peace that keeps us patient and cheerful under difficulties; that keeps us humble and truthful under trials and temptations. This is the grace that must prevail in a distressing hour; and, filled with the sweet peace, we can sing "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, etc.," and this sanctifying grace makes us heirs

of God, and joint heirs with Christ, who owns us for brethren and writes our names in the Book of Life.

But some may inquire: "How can we become perfect at once?" Do you see that little babe? As soon as it is born it is a *perfect child;* perfect in its father's love, perfect in its mother's tender care; perfect as a child—not yet a perfect man, but all the *germ of the man is there.* His limbs, hands and feet are perfect; of his body there is no part lacking; and under the fostering care, and tender nursing of his mother, the rigid but wholesome discipline of the father, he must grow to perfect *manhood,*—and who can fix the time when the child ceases and when the man begins. Or, see the branch in the vine; as soon as it shoots its buds out of the vine, it is a branch in the vine, and never ceases to be such until cut off. The grain of mustard seed cast into the ground becomes a tree; but who can tell when it ceases to be a plant. So is every one that is born of the Spirit. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, thou hearest the sound thereof and canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth."

As soon as we believe we are perfect in Christ; and through the wise and just discipline of God the father, and the loving and tender care of Christ as our mother, being fed with the word, we grow in grace and in the knowledge of the truth daily. We can no more exist in a justified state and not be sanctified, than a child can be born without a *natural mother! Ye must be*

born again,—born of the water, and of the *spirit, and of the blood;* for that which is born of the flesh is flesh! The natural mind is "enmity against God; it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." But if we are in Christ, we are new creatures; "old things are done away, and all things are become new." There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the spirit." Then

> "Christ the sanctifying blood applies,
> And makes us white as snow."

Sanctification.

BY

MRS. R. S.

A father, while making provision for his children, whether rich or poor, will naturally expect love and obedience from them in return; and an unkind or disobedient act in them must be a cause of great sorrow to the father's heart, yet it is very seldom that he will go so far as to turn the child away from his door.

So with our Heavenly Father. He has done all for us that can be done; He has laid up an eternal Inheritance for us; He has prepared for us "many mansions," and preserves for us a crown "that fadeth not away," and now requires of us humble obedience, full submission to His holy will.

He not only commands us to repent and believe, but to take up our cross daily and follow Jesus.

If we wish to follow any one we must either see the person or the way in which he has walked;

let us then find the foot-prints of Jesus, that we may walk therein and live.

While on earth, His whole life was spent in doing good; He was found among the needy and poor, the afflicted and sorrowing, relieving their afflictions, soothing their sorrow or quieting their fears. He was never found among the giddy and gay, in the halls of revelry and mirth. He was ever ready to weep with those who wept, and to rejoice with those who rejoiced in the truth. Was there a bereaved mother or disconsolate sister weeping over their dead? Christ was there to join His tears and comfort them. Did they need any of His assistance? He was ever ready to give it. Was any afflicted with sore disease? He was ready to heal them; none ever came to Him in vain; He upbraided never, and sent none empty away. He shunned none for their poverty and favored none for their wealth. He was never presumptuous or proud. When tempted by Satan to exert His power for His own benefit, He refused, and silenced the tempter with the scathing rebuke: "Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written, thou shall not tempt the Lord thy God."

Thus in all things our Saviour was bearing His cross; tempted by Satan; hated and scorned by false friends; persecuted by enemies; and finally, dying for the sins of the world.

This, dear Christian, was the path trodden by our

Saviour. And remember, He was a sanctified Saviour. "Him hath the Father sanctified," etc.

He has not only left His foot-prints for us to follow, but He has also left a rule for us to walk by, that, being in the light, we may walk in the light.

The first commandment given is: "Thou shalt LOVE;" and the second commandment is: "Thou shalt LOVE. LOVE is the fulfilling of the law." This is the power that puts the whole Christian life in action. This love must be toward God, with all our heart, soul, mind, and strength, and to our neighbor as ourself. As impossible as this may appear to the "carnal mind," yet to the child of God it is very possible. What can be more possible than for a child to love his father and his own brothers and sisters! Although, as children, they may not all agree in everything, they will have different sentiments, different opinions, and different ways of acting. They will still be united in their love to their parents and their love to each other. They will not, by any means, do anything to injure each other, but will do all they can to assist each other; neither will they be first to expose one another's faults, but will practice that "charity that covereth a multitude of sins."

This is just what God requires of His children, viz.: to be *perfect in our love to Him, and to have perfect charity, one with another.* "Charity, that thinketh no evil, is not easily provoked, rejoices not

in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth." This is the love that helps us to overcome difficulties, that enables us to bear each other's burdens, that makes us feel each other's cares, and forgive each other's faults; that prevents us from taking "up a reproach against our neighbor, (Psalm xv., 3), and makes us one family in Christ."

This love purifies the heart and brings us close to God, making us bold to take up, and firm to sustain the consecrated cross. But it is impossible to attain to this perfect life without some trials and sufferings. Our Saviour had His trials and temptations, so must we have. He did not purchase our salvation and pass to Heaven "on flow'ry beds of ease," neither can we.

He laid aside His glory and made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of sinful flesh, and humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; therefore, in following Him, we must, as saith the apostle, lay aside every weight and the sin that so easily besets us. We must strip ourselves of all un-godliness and wordly lusts, of every appearance of evil, to the plucking out of the right eye or the cutting off of the right hand. It is better to live maimed than to die whole. We must also put on the whole armor of God which Christ alone can give, as the poet grandly sings:

"In the mountain of Zion, in Christ's armory
There are sword, shield and breast-plate and helmet for thee."

Having put on this "whole armor," the command is to *stand!*

"Stand then against your foes
In close and firm array,
Legions of wily friends oppose
Throughout the evil day."

The world, the flesh, and Satan will oppose us. The flesh will continually cry for ease, for comfort and for pleasure that is not becoming. It will say the cross is too heavy, the way is too hard; the life we are trying to live is too perfect, we never can attain to it, our Saviour never intended it and no one ever did thus live. It will appeal to our self-love, and tell us we are already better than our neighbors and should not mingle with other people. It will appeal to our pride and tell us the valley of blessing is too low, and those that walk therein are far beneath us, and in our pride we may say of them: "Stand thou there, for I am holier than thou;" or it may appeal to our malice and say, your brethren and friends speak evil of you and do not believe you; and all this can only be overcome by that charity which is the "bond of perfection." These are some of the battles we have to fight, and we can only fight successfully clad in the armor of charity.

The world will display all its charms, cause all its glory to pass before us. It will show its mines of gold, its mountains of iron, its halls of learning, its ships of commerce. It will introduce us to its halls of pleasure and its walks of recreation, but with an eye fixed on the glory of the eternal world, the glories of this must fade and become as nothing. Its gold become as dross and its pleasures less than the morning dew.

We have another dreaded foe, the Arch Fiend himself; who comes to us with all his power and all his rage. We have not only to contend with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers, who will employ every means at their command to retard our progress. But we must

> "—— meet the sons of night
> And mock their vain design."

We must conquer them all through the blood of Christ and the sign of the Cross! In this alone can we conquer all our foes, this alone can help us to walk pleasantly in the valley of humiliation. It is only with the Cross of Christ on our shoulders and the love of God shed abroad in our hearts that we can walk the heavenly road.

But with this love we can say always: "Father, Thy will be done." In sickness or health, adversity or prosperity, in afflictions and all trials we can possess

our souls in patience. This is the love that removes mountains, that makes enemies friends, and takes the *beam* from our own eye, so that we may see the mote in our brother's eye, and enable us to help each other on the way.

If a brother is in need, or a sister in distress, or a mother bereaved, we are ready to lend a helping hand or give a word of consolation, thus fulfilling the law of Christ.

Love must then pervade the soul, and unite us to Christ and to each other, as the sap pervades the vine and the branches, uniting them together and causing them to produce fruit. The branch cannot bear fruit of itself: no more can we separate from Christ; but if we abide in Him, we shall bring forth much fruit. "If ye abide in me and my word in you, ye shall ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you."

Let us ask daily for grace to keep us in this perfect way, "ask and ye shall receive." We need a constant daily supply of the bread of life, that feeds the soul and keeps it alive in Christ. Let us go daily to our Father's table, that we may partake of the dainties of Heaven and grow in grace and the knowledge of the truth.

"That having all things done,
And all our conflicts passed,
We may o'ercome through faith alone,
And stand entire at last."

Story originally written for her little Grandsons, James and Charley.

Dear Jim and Charley:

Here is one of my stories for little folks. It is about a giant, that lives about here, and in fact I guess he lives in a great many places. He is a monstrous big fellow, a great deal larger than the King of Og, whose bed it was said was twelve feet long and eight feet broad. He is bigger than Goliath whom David killed, in fact larger than any giant you ever heard of. And if you ever meet with this big fellow, I hope *you* will kill *him*, rather than become his subjects. For he is a king, or rather a despotic emperor; he holds complete control over his subjects and compels them to do whatever he wishes. He is always peering around, knocking at people's doors, and peeping into people's houses, to see if he can get any one to serve him. In fact sometimes he walks right boldly into *my* house and compels *me* to serve him. He is a wonderful fellow and I think he must be very old, and he is very ugly; he is bleareyed and snub-nosed, and everything else that is ugly, and he makes people do ugly things. He makes men and women strut about and think they are somebody —why, I have heard of so many bad things he has

caused people to do, that I hardly know what to tell you first. He has made nation go to war with nation, he makes men fight and kill each other, and many years ago he made an old king dress himself all up in purple robes, and sit upon his throne, and declare he was God. He made Joseph's brethren sell Joseph down into Egypt when he was a little boy. And Absalom, David's son, to pursue after his father to kill him, and he caused the wicked Jews to crucify our blessed Saviour and kill him.

Oh, he has done so many bad things, and is still doing bad; for he makes little boys and girls do bad. I must tell you something he makes them do; he makes little boys run away from their mother and tell lies and smoke segars and do a great many bad things; he makes little girls primp themselves up and think they are young ladies, and must not help their mothers any more; he makes children quarrel and fight and call names to get advantage of each other; he makes a little boy that I know call his little playmate——. And now boys what do you think of my giant, old and ugly and every way bad? Do you think you will be his subjects, or will you kill him when you meet him, as David did Goliath with a sling and stone? I should like to hear you guess his name, but as you are so far away I shall have to tell you; his name is "GIANT SELF." See what a great big fellow he is and what bad things he can make you do. Now if you

don't want to be his subjects, I will tell you what you must do. When you meet him, for I know you will meet him, you must take the sling of faith and the stone of prayer and kill him. That is, when you feel any selfish thoughts coming into your heart you must ask your Heavenly Father to take them all away, and keep you from pleasing Giant Self, and make you good boys, help you to grow up good men, and ever keep you in His care——

Your grandma prays.

The little scraps of poetry which follow, have lain among my mother's papers for over thirty years. I do not think they were ever shown to any of her most intimate friends. They were written mostly in 1846, when my mother was about twenty-six years of age, and were simple heart effusions, never intended for public eye.

Even those addressed to particular persons I do not think were ever presented; and my mother, though fond of the poets, seems never to have thought herself gifted to write poetry. I selected the few found in these pages from an old scrap-book, and I may say I regard these as the best, and perhaps the only ones adapted to public reading, found in the meagre collection. I make no corrections in them.

T. G. S.

Thoughts suggested by the Return of Spring.

Once more I hail the happy spring
Tho' sadness to my heart it brings,
It brings to mind the seasons past
When sporting in the joys of youth
I sallied forth to meet the spring
And hear the birds so sweetly sing.

But ah, those days are past and gone
Those happy days forever flown
And now, through weariness and care
I wander on all through the year
My youthful friends are fled and gone
And not a friend for me remains
I feel deserted and unknown
A stranger in this world alone—

No one with me to sympathise
Or share with me my cares or joys
When sore afflictions rack my frame
And not one hope for me remains
Even then forsaken and alone
I vent my sighs and make my moan
And tho, I greet the happy spring
Yet sadness to my heart it brings.

The Inscription to this is simply "Written after a Time of Affliction."

I love the Lord, my strength, my tower,
The Lord my rock and fortress is,
My God my strength in whom I trust,
My buckler and my hope of bliss.

The Lord is worthy to be praised,
He saves me from my enemies;
Sorrow and death compass'd me round,
Death and the grave made me afraid.

I called upon the Lord and cried:—
My God, he heard my feeble voice,
Out of His temple. Lo! He came
And bade my broken heart rejoice.

The earth shall tremble at His word,
The hills shall fly at His command
He bows the heavens as their Lord
And rides upon a Cherrub's wings.

He will deliver me from sin,
And set my soul at liberty,
He will reward my rigteousness,
If from my God I do not stray.

To a Sister on her Birthday.

Your birthday my sweet sister,
What shall my off'ring be,
I've no rich gifts or treasures
I can present to thee.

But Oh! my sweetest sister,
I raise a fervent prayer,
For all thy future welfare
While thou may'st sojourn here.

May many happy birthdays
Roll o'er thy peaceful head,
In good old age may you lay down
Your life among the dead.

And may your soul ascend to God
And reign with Him on high,
And praise Him in that bright abode,
Where pleasures never die.

To a Minister on his Return after a long Absence.

Dear Shepherd you've been wand'ring
So long and far away
Your sheep become disconsolate,
Therefore have gone astray.
Not so, the Mighty Shepherd,
He ne'er forsakes His sheep,
He leads them forth in pasture,
So rich, so green, so sweet;
He leads them to the fountains,
Along the crystal stream—
They feed beside the mountains,
Who put their trust in Him.